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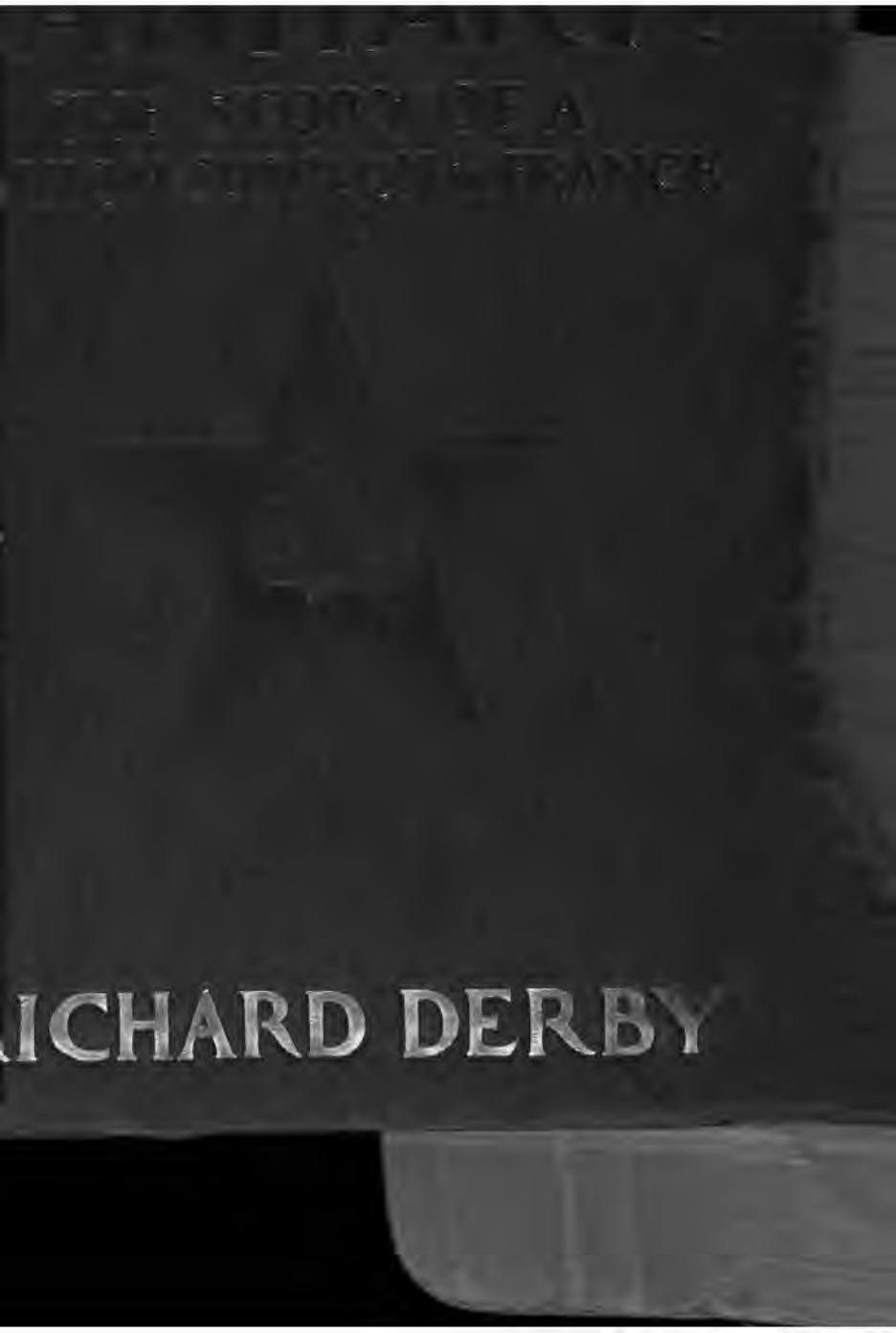
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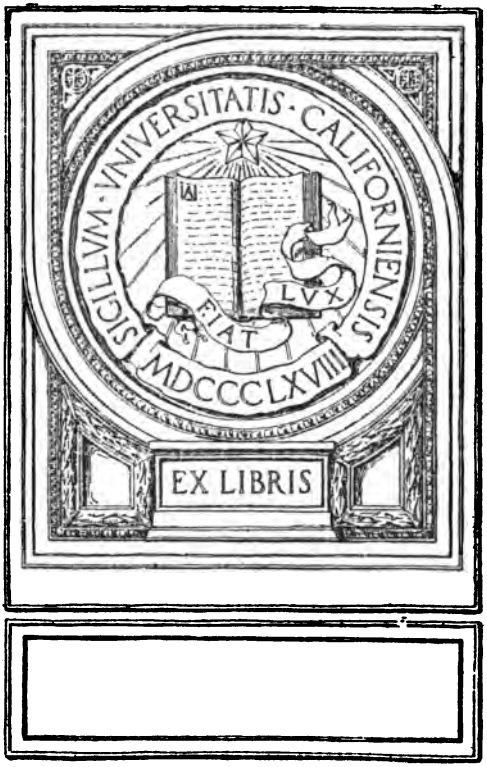
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Bringing in the Wounded

From the Drawing by Capt. George Harding, A. E. F., Oct., 1918

"Wade in, Sanitary!"

The Story of a Division Surgeon in France

By

Richard Derby

Lt.-Col. M. C., U. S. A., Division Surgeon, Second Division

Illustrated

UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA

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by
RICHARD DERBY

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CALIFORNIA

FOR EXTRAORDINARY HEROISM IN MAINTAINING THE HOME
THROUGH LONG MONTHS OF SUSPENSE, WHILE HER
HUSBAND AND FOUR BROTHERS
SERVED IN FRANCE;

I DEDICATE THIS BOOK TO MY
WIFE

110383

"HOW ARE YOU, SANITARY?"

Down the picket-guarded lane
Rolled the comfort-laden wain,
Cheered by shouts that shook the plain,
Soldier-like and merry;
Phrases such as camps may teach,
Saber-cuts of Saxon speech,
Such as "Bully!" "Them's the peach!"
"Wade in, Sanitary!"

Right and left the caissons drew
As the car went lumbering through,
Quick succeeding in review
Squadrons military;
Sunburnt men with beards like frieze,
Smooth-faced boys, and cries like these:
"U. S. San. Com." "That's the cheese!"
"Pass in, Sanitary!"

In such cheer it struggled on
Till the battle front was won;
Then the car, its journey done,
Lo! was stationary;
And where bullets whistling fly
Came the sadder, fainter cry:
"Help us, brothers, ere we die!—
Save us, Sanitary!"

Such the work. The phantom flies,
Wrapped in battle-clouds that rise;
But the brave—whose dying eyes,
Veiled and visionary,
See the jasper gates swung wide,
See the parted throng outside—
Hears the voice to those who ride:
"Pass in, Sanitary!"

BRET HARTE.

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Sergeant, 1st Field Hospital

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CHAPTER I

LEARNING THE GAME FROM THE FRENCH

Many loved Truth, and lavished life's best oil
Amid the dust of books to find her,
. . . . . .
Those love her best who to themselves are true,
And what they dare to dream of, dare to do;
They followed her and found her
Where all may hope to find,
Not in the ashes of the burnt-out mind,
But beautiful, with danger's sweetness round her.

James Russell Lowell.

I REPORTED for duty at Headquarters of the Second Division on December 7, 1917, in the village of Bourmont, Haute Marne. Bourmont is a picturesque small town, the houses clustered together on the hilltop bringing vividly to mind the days when the Roman legions harried this countryside, and safety lay in heavy walls, steep heights, moats, and drawbridges. We made many friends there during the long and weary months in training; indeed, so strong were the ties formed that later many of our men, when they got their leave, would return to visit some devoted French family.

At that time the various organizations making up the Division, less the Artillery Brigade and

Sanitary Train, were concentrated in Bourmont and its surrounding villages.

The Third Brigade was made up of the Ninth Regiment Infantry, commanded by Colonel Leroy S. Upton, and the Twenty-third Regiment Infantry, commanded by Colonel Paul B. Malone. The Fourth Brigade, commanded by Brigadier General Doyen, was made up of the Fifth Regiment, United States Marines, commanded by Colonel W. C. Neville, and the Sixth Regiment, United States Marines, commanded by Colonel A. W. Catlin.

At this time Major General Omar Bundy was Division Commander.

The month of December was a discouraging one. The combination of snow, mud, and lack of transportation made traffic and training exceedingly difficult. Thanks to the already overtaxed French transport service, enough trucks were secured to distribute rations from the railroad distributing point to the organizations throughout the area. Had it not been for our own Red Cross, it would have been impossible for the medical representatives on the Division Staff to circulate among the scattered troops. But in spite of difficulties the training went on exceedingly well, and the untir-

ing efforts of our French instructors found a ready and enthusiastic response from officers and men, and progress measured itself in leaps and bounds.

It was in these first months of the Division's existence as a unit that there was born an esprit which began as a natural and friendly rivalry between the marine and regular army brigades, and grew into a unity of purpose, satisfied with nothing short of success. During those early days, in mud and rain and snow, there was being developed that team play in defensive and offensive formations, that super-discipline which comes from men knowing and respecting their officers, and from officers knowing and caring for their men, which in the early days of June was responsible for the Division's stand on the Paris-Metz road—the barring of the Huns' advance upon Paris. It was as though officers and men sensed that destiny had selected for them the accomplishment of some gigantic task, and that they were alive to the necessity of straining every nerve to prepare themselves to meet and withstand the ordeal, whatever its nature might be.

Colonel Malone was making good use of those dreary winter days to instill into his officers and men of the Twenty-third Infantry the spirit and

military knowledge which checked the Hun advance at Le Thiollet Ferme on June first and second. Colonel Neville and Colonel Catlin were imbuing the men of the Fifth and Sixth Marines with the élan which won for them the titles "Hell Hounds" and "Devil Dogs" in the fighting in the Bois de Belleau.

It was interesting to see how easily our men adapted themselves to the country and to the people. They might share with Kim the title of "Friend of all the World."

Christmas was celebrated in every individual household or at least in every household with children in which our soldiers were billeted. It was the desire of all to give the children of France a merrier Christmas than they had had during the three years just gone by. Christmas shopping was done in Neufchâteau, while Christmas trees were cut from the neighboring hills and festooned with cotton batting. Our men put their homesickness from them, and enjoyed the delighted surprise of the children. At our house they were particularly cunning. Little Marcelle, on seeing a toy aeroplane suspended from a branch of the Christmas tree, remarked to his small companions that "le petit Jésu" must have come this year by aeroplane,

for the presence of submarines made travel by water impossible.

One morning I overheard a staff officer in conversation with his orderly. The officer had asked the man if he had exercised his two horses that morning. The orderly's mastery of Chesterfieldian English far exceeded his equestrian ability.

"Sir," he replied, "I took out the one horse, but his behavior didn't, in my opinion, justify my taking out the other."

In the village of Vrécourt there was a café, well patronized by soldiers living in and about the village. Over the café lived an old French woman, the mother of the patron, who had in her early life taught herself English. Several years before she had suffered an apoplectic seizure which left her without power of speech. One evening while sitting knitting in the café, surrounded by American soldiers, she had another seizure and was ministered to by some hospital corps men. Upon coming to, much to the amazement of her children and grandchildren, her power of speech had come back to her, but it was the English tongue which had returned. Not a word of French could she remember, though she was able to thank her American succorers. This event, of

course, bore an immense significance to the French.

All during January and February the various units of the Division worked hard under their French instructors, learning the complicated details of trench warfare. Hand in hand with the training of the line was proceeding that of the medical officers and enlisted men of the medical department, small groups of the officers attending the successive courses of the Army Sanitary School at Langres.

Early in January I was sent there for a six weeks' course. I left Bourmont, in company with several other medical officers of the Division, in a heavy snowstorm. We reached the station at the foot of Langres in the early morning hours to find that the funicular railroad that carries one to the hilltop town had stopped running for the night. The snow was by that time so deep that we decided to spend the rest of the night in the station waiting-room. The latter, though warm, was so densely packed with passengers awaiting an early train to Paris, that the floor alone offered sitting space. The night finally passed, and the first light of dawn saw us chugging up the steep hillside to the Roman town.

Langres is extremely picturesque, but with its

mantle of snow it was particularly so that winter's morning. By tortuous streets we wended our way to the Place Diderot, and from there were directed to the Hôtel de la Poste, where we found some friends and fellow students gathered round a very welcome breakfast table.

The next day the class, which consisted of twenty-five medical officers from different divisions under the direction of Colonel Bailey K. Ashford, M. C., U. S. A., started for Paris, where we spent two days at an American hospital at Ris Orangis, attending lectures delivered by Colonel Keller, M.C., U. S. A.

We then went by train to Épernay, and from there by automobile to a French Evacuation Hospital at Bouleuse, which lies to the west of Rheims. This establishment was an enormous affair, covering a large area of ground, consisting of wooden ward buildings, operating rooms, X-ray plants, and everything that goes to make a thoroughly modern hospital. Such surgeons as Le Maître, Le Riche, and Roux Berger were upon the staff; and such medical men as Raymond and Regaud.

The course which we received during the two weeks that we were at Bouleuse was excellent from

every point of view. We listened to the very best French surgeons and medical men. We saw excellent operating, and what was more, we saw the immediate and later results of these operations, for there were some two or three hundred patients always in the hospital. Every subject that concerned the wounded or sick soldier was touched upon. We were taught the latest theories as to the causation of "trench foot" and the best methods of treatment. In the same way we were brought up to date regarding the cause and treatment of trench fever. Possibly the best and most interesting lectures we heard were those given by Tissier and Le Maître, reviewing the progress that had been made in bacteriology and surgery during the period of the war.

Another most interesting lecturer was Okinczik, a Frenchman of Polish origin. He had for the past year or more been doing most excellent surgery in a château at Vaux Varennes, close up to the line. He was an ardent believer in bringing the facilities for aseptic work up as near the wounded man as possible. At his hospital at Vaux Varennes only the most seriously wounded were held. It was here that Jeanbrau worked, transfusing men that were nearly bled out, and making them capable of

standing the operation that ofttimes saved their life. Okinczik himself had had considerable experience with abdominal wounds. Surgical results have always been most disappointing in this class of wounds. Similar injuries, even in big cities where well-appointed hospitals are quickly available, result in a high mortality. Experience has taught, however, that early surgical interference holds out the greatest hope in a large class of such injuries.

Later I had an opportunity of seeing Okinczik at work at Vaux Varennes. He took me through his wards and showed me, among many other wounded, several poilus with abdominal wounds, who had been operated upon within several hours of receiving their wounds, and concerning whose recovery there was no question of doubt.

This hospital was within twelve kilometers of the front line trenches. In the ordinary course of trench warfare, the men reached it within three hours of the time they were wounded. Statistics in abdominal surgery show that gunshot wounds stand a much better chance of recovery, if operated upon within the first six hours. The peritonitis which results from a perforation of the intestinal canal does not become diffuse in so short a space of

time, unless the wounded man has been subjected to a long rough ride in an ambulance. The roads on this front were in fair condition, and the distance back to Vaux Varennes comparatively short. The conditions were as nearly ideal as they could be made.

The hospital, to be sure, was near enough to the enemy's artillery to be shelled. It stood by itself, however, was well marked with large crosses upon the ground and roof, and because of its immunity, must have been known as a hospital to hostile airplanes.

I was much impressed by this hospital and the excellent work which Okinczik was doing. It started me thinking along the line of developing one of the divisional field hospitals to fill just such a rôle. Why shouldn't an American field hospital, with the great mobility which it has always boasted, be an excellent scaffolding upon which to build the finished and highly specialized surgical hospital, which modern war surgery demanded? The more thought I gave the matter, the more convinced I became that the evolution of one of the divisional field hospitals should follow these lines. Why shouldn't every division have its own surgical hospital, to be close behind the troops in

an attack, and yet be sufficiently mobile to follow an advance?

I was bound that the men of the Second Division should have such a hospital, and that they should be cared for by their own surgeons, men who would work their hearts out for anyone wearing on the left shoulder an Indian head superimposed on a white star.

The course at Bouleuse was a fairly strenuous one. Lectures began at nine o'clock and continued up to supper time, with an hour out for lunch. These lectures were all given in French, and as the majority of the medical officers taking the course knew no French at all, it was necessary in the evening to go over the lectures of the day in English. My own knowledge of French was of that rudimentary character acquired at school. Through hard work at Bourmont during the month of December I so improved it that I was able to take fairly full notes on these lectures and retail them to the rest of the class. I want to say to the credit of the American medical officers taking that course, that the patience they displayed in sitting through those long hours of concentrated French rhetoric was extraordinary.

Imagine, if you can, a French officer, standing

before a roomful of American officers, talking with the speed that only one of the Latin races can command. He was full of his subject and wanted to impart to his audience every bit of knowledge that he possessed. In his interest and excitement he quite forgot that he was talking to men, the majority of whom caught the meaning of only an occasional word. The distant firing of big guns emphasized the pauses. France was striving with all the speed in her power to teach America before it was too late. Imagine, on the other hand, sitting for hours on end listening to a foreign language that you do not understand, and maintaining through it all an attitude of attention, and you have a fair picture of what went on day after day for over two weeks at the French Evacuation Hospital at Bouleuse. Those medical officers deserved decorations if for their good manners only.

Towards the end of the course we were given an opportunity to visit Rheims, the towers of whose cathedral could be seen from a hill just to the northeast of us. The city while badly destroyed in that part immediately surrounding the cathedral did not show the general destruction that was to be noted in October, when I had an-

other opportunity to go there. The heavy pounding received in June and July was responsible for this widespread destruction. Large sections were practically razed to the ground. The city was but a ghost of its former self. The cathedral was badly damaged, with several enormous holes in the roof, over the chancel, and a big excavation in one of the towers. I was glad to learn that a great part of the thirteenth century stained glass had been removed to safety from the clerestory windows, and that all the Gobelin tapestries were in safe keeping. Much damage had been done to the mural decorations on the eastern face, when the woodwork of the interior had caught fire as a result of the earliest bombardment.

On our last day at Bouleuse we were taken to the front held by the Seventy-fourth French Division, and went all through their sector. Their front line was a short distance to the north of the Aisne, and the ground between it and the river represented that gained in the heavy fighting during the previous April.

The soil of the Champagne is made up for the most part of a white clay, and through this had been dug a most elaborate trench system, with

quantities of deep communicating trenches leading up to the actual front line transverse trenches.

The medical department of the French division was under the command of a very energetic and intelligent Division Surgeon, Lieutenant Colonel Thooris. His particular fad was the use of the wheeled litter, and he had devised a very clever light bicycle-tired under-carriage, upon which the stretcher could be fastened. In order to expedite in every way the evacuation of the wounded man, he had had assigned for the special use of the medical department a separate communicating trench, which ran all the way back from the front line system to ambulance head on the Aisne. In order to make more comfortable the transit of the wounded man, this trench was floored with well jointed duck boards, which besides affording easy riding to the wheeled litter, insured excellent drainage of the trench itself.

I learned a great deal in this day spent with M. Thooris, and I was glad to see him again in October in front of Blanc Mont Ridge, when I had the medical responsibilities of the Second Division on my shoulders and he had those of a corps. He proved to be a good friend and on the occasion of our second meeting lent me some of his wheeled litters

when I was greatly in need of them. He was a fine type of medical officer, who believed in keeping in constant and personal touch with all the elements of his department. He was wounded on this front while circulating among some of his forward stations.

On January thirtieth we bid good-by to our French instructors, and the class returned to Paris. That night we were waked at 11.30 by the firing of anti-aircraft guns and the scream of fire engines' sirens. Above this din came the deeper report of exploding bombs. Nearer and louder came the explosions, and in the silence between each successive report could be heard the rhythmic interrupted cycle of the Gotha motor. I counted eight explosions, the last very close, shaking the building. That particular bombing plane must have run out of ammunition at that point, for the last deafening report was followed by silence broken only by the characteristic drone of the German machine and the distant booming of anti-aircraft guns. It was a bright moonlight night, but the planes were flying too high to be discernible. You could see the flashes of signal lights from the French planes that were aloft, making known their positions to the anti-aircraft gunners. Of all my experiences

with air raids at the front, this was the most dramatic.

The next day I saw some of the destruction caused by these vandals of the night. Just around the corner in the Rue Quatre Septembre stood the shell of a building whose interior had been blown out. On the Avenue de la Grande Armée, the roof and side walls of the two upper stories of a private house had been blown away, exposing a longitudinal section of the house, with the trunks piled on top of one another in the trunk room, and some pictures even left hanging on the uninjured walls. Strips of bed linen festooned the near-by trees. About the scenes of last night's destruction stood crowds of laughing, chattering French, whose morale was supposed to be broken, according to scientific German psychology.

Our three days in Paris were occupied with clinics, lectures, and visits to many of the big hospitals. We saw Morestin, who has since died, do some very wonderful plastic work about the face. I shall never forget a rhinoplasty which he did late one afternoon in the Hôpital du Carmel, where he molded a new nose and eyebrow for a *poilu*, transplanting a piece of rib and covering it with a flap brought down from the forehead and

scalp. He did all his work under local anæsthesia by blocking off afferent nerve trunks. He showed us many later results of plastic face surgery, and they were truly wonderful. They included new noses, ears, and mouths, and extensive restitutions in cases of bad face injuries.

We saw the work of another surgeon, Petit de la Villeon, which fairly disgusted me. He prided himself on a method conceived by him of extraction of foreign bodies from the lungs. He described the method as bloodless, but judging from the operation which he performed before that class, I should designate it as one of the bloodiest that I have ever seen. After making a minute incision in the skin over the site of the foreign body, the lights were put out, and the rest of the operation carried on in pitch darkness. Guided by what he saw through the fluoroscopic screen, he thrust a blunt-nosed forceps through the skin incision and chest wall, and then on into the lung tissue. When the fluoroscope showed the instrument to be in contact with the shell fragment, it was opened, the fragment seized and extracted. In the case in question, a considerable hemorrhage was started, the patient went into collapse, and artificial respiration had to be started.

Foreign bodies in the lung, particularly in the periphery, are known to be well tolerated. The traumatism caused by such an operation as I have described is necessarily very great. Granted that such an operation is necessary, infinitely less trauma would be caused by a sharp knife and clean dissection. I was sorry that our class had seen this exhibition of extremely poor surgery, but I believe that in a purely negative way it taught a good lesson. This was the only example of really bad surgery that I saw in France.

We saw some good work done by Chutro, an Argentinian. The wards of his hospital were filled with wounded suffering from long standing bone infection. Many of these patients had been wounded during the first year of the war, before the improvements in surgery had been available to combat these infections. Dr. Chutro was using the Carrel-Dakin fluid in all these wounds. At the head or foot of every bed was a standard which suspended a glass flask containing this fluid. By means of bifurcating rubber tubes, it was carried to every part of one or several wounds, and kept them continuously bathed. The antiseptic, non-irritating qualities of this chlorine solution have a truly remarkable effect upon an obstinate infection. It

is not possible for bacteria to live in its presence, and besides it has a stimulating action upon granulation tissue.

Out in Versailles at the military hospital we had demonstrated to us by Dr. De Sandfort, his ambrine method of treating burns. The method consists in coating or spraying the denuded surface with melted paraffin, covering this with a thin layer of cotton batting, and sealing the whole with another layer of paraffin. When the paraffin is hardened, an air-tight envelope is obtained, which adds greatly to the patient's comfort and acts as a scaffolding under which the new skin can grow in from the edges and cover the raw surface.

We were taken through the wonderful museum at the Val de Grâce Hospital where there are exhibits of everything pertaining to the medicine or surgery of war. There were the medical records of Lafayette's expedition to our country. The walls bore tablets of the names of those medical officers who had fallen in foreign lands, fighting typhus, yellow fever, and plague. In one hall is a long series of toy models showing the evolution of a stretcher from its crudest form. The various kinds of tentage used by the medical de-

partment at different periods are shown in a similar way. The evolution of the helmet is traced. There is a most graphic series of plaster models showing the effects of vesicating gases upon the skin. Our only regret was that we could not have spent a longer time in this historical and intensely interesting place, where there was so much to learn.

On February third the class returned to Langres, where we remained for three weeks. This part of the course was a good deal of an anti-climax after what we had had at Bouleuse and in Paris. The lectures were for the most part delivered by regular medical officers, whose knowledge of the problems confronting us was necessarily second hand. They had visited French evacuation hospitals and British casualty clearing stations and told us of what they had seen. They could not speak authoritatively for lack of real experience.

The end of the month saw us back with our divisions again, imparting to our fellow officers and to the enlisted men of the medical department the knowledge that we had obtained. Lectures on recognition of and protection from the gases in commonest use were varied with drills in the use

of the gas mask, and work and marches undertaken with the mask worn. Work went on at high tension until in the middle of March came orders for the Division to move to the Verdun sector.

CHAPTER II

FEELING OUR WAY

God spare thee not, America,
This penetential day!
Against the wall in Flanders
The nations stand at bay,
And thou, the strong, the mighty,
A laggard at the fray!

Theresa Virginia Beard.

THAT sector of the Front lying roughly between Verdun and St. Mihiel, was being held during the early days of March, 1918, by three French divisions of the Tenth Corps, Second Army. During the third week of March, the infantry and artillery units of the Second Division were put in the line for the first time between French organizations. The Division was thus spread out on a front extending practically from Verdun to St. Mihiel. Division Headquarters was established at Sommedieue.

The Second Artillery Brigade joined the Division under command of Brigadier General William Chamberlaine, and consisted of the Twelfth Field Artillery under Colonel McManus McClosky; the Fifteenth Field Artillery under Lieutenant Colonel Joseph R. Davis; and the Seventeenth Field Artillery under Colonel A. J. Bowley.

This sector was and had been a comparatively quiet one since the last Verdun offensive. Both sides were well dug in with a wide stretch of No Man's Land separating them. Halfway between Verdun and St. Mihiel was a salient—Les Eparges—running out into the enemy's lines, well known because of the heavy French losses involved in its capture.

In the southern part of the sector, just northwest of St. Mihiel, the enemy positions on high ground commanded the lower land in the valley of the Meuse, where during the months of March and April our men were nearly cut off from the rear by a river, swollen by the rains to many times its normal size. In the northern part of the sector, just north and east of Verdun, we looked out upon the dreary, battle-scarred wastes of Le Morte Homme.

It was a source of perpetual wonder and admiration to see how the French kept their fields under cultivation up to within a few kilometers of the front lines. French and American soldiers, when in rest areas behind the lines, could be seen driving a harrow or pushing a plow, while a veteran of 1870 or an old woman would walk behind them sowing.

The children of the war zone were an everlasting wonder. Their gay laughter echoing from their ruined houses was a never-ending source of pleasure and of surprise, for the four-year-old tots had known no other than a world of war. Their cradle song had been the sharp, ear-splitting crack of departing seventy-fives, or the hissing roar and explosion of arriving one-hundred-and fifties. And yet they could laugh and sing, and cheer the hearts of their war-tired mothers, and be an inspiration to their fathers' friends from across the seas.

It was in such surroundings as these that our men were to receive those finishing touches from their French instructors which came to the fore in the storming of Blanc Mont Ridge in October.

From the beginning our men did not like the trenches. It was not the kind of warfare that appealed to them. Continuous living in the mud, with never a sight of the enemy, got on their nerves and made them morose, just as it had done in the case of many good men before them. They were impatient for a fight at close quarters. They despised an enemy that kept himself out of sight, they despised their blue coated neighbors for their apparent indifference to this stationary

warfare, and they would have ended in despising themselves. But in spite of rain and mud, that inner fire kept burning, fed by the prospect of leaving the trenches when fine weather had established itself.

During this period the Division was under French tactical command, and could initiate nothing. Targets appearing to the artillery could not be fired upon without the order of the French command. A large factory building with smoking chimneys, standing out in the Woevre and offering a splendid target to the chafing Twelfth Field Artillery, was never fired upon because, it was rumored, its ownership by a Frenchman of considerable political influence preserved its immunity.

It was the original intention that our sick and wounded should be cared for by French medical officers in their hospitals. This for obvious reasons was not a satisfactory arrangement, and immediately upon arrival in the sector, efforts were made to correct it. The personnel of the four divisional hospitals was divided among the corresponding French hospitals at each of which certain wards were set aside for the care and treatment of our men by our own medical officers and enlisted men of the medical department. It was

not until the Division was relieved in May that one of our own evacuation hospitals came up to serve us.

The receiving ward of one of these French hospitals contained a motley array of nationalities. Blue and khaki were the predominating colors, but it was often necessary to look twice to be certain in what language to address the wounded man. French, American, Italian, Moroccanese, Senegalese, Indo-Chinese, and prisoners, they were all mixed together, just as they came in.

It was here that occurred the much quoted marine story. Major Burton Lee, the Consulting Surgeon of the Division, was passing through a ward one day, hunting out the American wounded. He came upon a figure, swathed in blankets, from which protruded a smiling face.

"Are you an American?" queried Major Lee.

"No, sir," came the answer, quick as a shot, "I'm a Marine."

The green gray of the Marine uniform was not unlike the German uniform, and on one occasion, in a dark chapel where our wounded were congregated, I made the unpardonable mistake of addressing a Marine in German, which called forth the indignant reply so justly deserved.

We had much to learn from the French, especially in surgery, for the important advances in wound surgery were due to the pioneer work of Le Maître, Tissier, and Carrel, as well as to the Belgian De Page. That team play which in the early months of the war brought surgeon and bacteriologist together, in the endeavor to find some means of combating the infections that were so prevalent, led to the revolutionary procedure of total excision of the wound tract and immediate closure of the resulting enlarged wound. Such a departure from preconceived ideas upon the treatment of wounds required great courage. But in the spring of 1915 Le Maître and Tissier had the hardihood to inaugurate this method of treatment, and since that time it has been generally adopted, and has reduced infection, in the cases of wounds operated upon within twelve hours' time, to a negligible quantity.

Le Maître told me that when he first became convinced of the safety of this procedure, he had imparted this knowledge to the Médecin Inspecteur of the army in which he was serving. This officer advised him not to divulge the method until he had satisfied himself by practice that it was well beyond the experimental stage, or he

would be considered a mad man. De Page, in Belgium, had conceived the method at the same time. At an even earlier date Carrel, collaborating with an English chemist, Dakin, had devised a non-irritating antiseptic fluid, which proved itself a wonderfully useful medium for combating or aborting an existing infection.

The one American surgeon whose work stands out above that of any other is Blake. It was he, who in the first days of the war, working in the American Ambulance at Neuilly, modified and made practical an English splint, which was universally adopted by the Allied armies for the transportation and treatment of fractures of the extremities. The development of the extension method of treatment of fractures to meet the contingencies of war injuries was due to his work and example.

The most striking thing to me in the surgery of the war was a comparison of the wounded of 1918 with those of 1914. In those early days it was a distressing sight to see man after man come into the hospital at Neuilly, all with badly infected wounds. As rounds were made through the various wards, it seemed that every man was running a temperature, every man was reeking

with pus. The hectic flush and pinched countenance of the men spelled sepsis. It was universal. One felt helpless in the presence of an unvanquishable foe.

What a contrast in 1918! Infection was not blotted out, but it was no longer the menacing monster of four years before. Normal temperature charts and healthy countenances were the rule rather than the exception. The period of convalescence was immeasurably shorter. Men were returned to their commands in three weeks instead of three months. All honor to Le Maître, Tissier, De Page, Carrel, Dakin, Blake, and to those of less renown who devoted themselves to the solving of these gigantic problems.

Early in April the Division had its first serious experience with gas. One foggy morning while the Seventy-fourth Company of the Sixth Marines was sleeping in support position, for the most part in barracks in a wooded ravine, the enemy started a mustard gas bombardment. One shell struck the roof of a building crowded with men, and the concentrated fumes filled the structure before the men were able to get on their gas masks. The shifting winds soon spread the gas to all parts of the ravine. The men were scattered through the woods for

better protection, and their wet clothes readily absorbed the gas, which accounted for the serious body burns that resulted. One of the hospital corps men, Shaffner, who had not been in the building, but with typical self forgetfulness and devotion had worked for hours over his comrades, was so severely gassed from what he inhaled from the men's clothing that he died forty-eight hours later.

Of the men actually in the building, nineteen died as a result of this concentrated exposure. It was necessary to evacuate practically the whole company, of which one hundred and seventy-five were seriously gassed and incapacitated for a period of from three to six weeks. The high mortality of eleven per cent., which was nearly twice that ordinarily experienced by either the French or British was due to the mixture of phosgene, discovered by analysis of the shells used.

I did not see these men until four o'clock in the afternoon, the bombardment having taken place in the early morning. Ambulances were streaming into Field Hospital One at Fontaine Brillante, from which men with bandaged eyes were being supported and carried to the admission ward, where they were placed on stretchers or seated on

benches, and their eyes irrigated while their names were entered. During the twelve hours that had elapsed since the exposure, the eyelids had become so swollen that sight was shut off. Where actual closure of the lids had not occurred, light was so painful that the eyes were kept tightly closed. They sat there with their faces buried in their hands, rocking to and fro in an agony that was dreadful to witness.

Their clothing was removed, and as the capacity of the shower baths permitted, they were given a thorough soap bath and sent to the wards, clad in pyjamas. The more severely gassed were sent on immediately after their bath to a hospital in the rear. Only those men were kept here who were recoverable in a week's time.

This exposure taught the medical department the necessity of quick action in handling gas cases, especially mustard gas. In dealing with the effects caused by other gases quick evacuation is, of course, of great importance, but with mustard gas it is imperative. The effects of this gas do not appear until six or eight hours after exposure, but the fumes remaining in the clothing continue to act. All men exposed, even though very slightly, must be bathed at the most advanced hospital in

which it is possible to establish adequate facilities. Plain soap and water is the most effective antidote.

It was in this advanced hospital that the Red Cross showers proved a godsend. Our medical department required the Red Cross to supply these, and they in turn obtained them from the French. It was fortunate that the French could supply them, for after four years of the use of gas and the demonstrated methods of combating it, our paternal government, pursuing its tranquil path of unpreparedness, refused to make provision for those things most needed to safeguard the lives and health of its soldiers.

Arthur Gordon of Savannah, Georgia, was the Red Cross representative with the Division, and remained with us until just before the St. Mihiel offensive in September, when he was forced, much against his inclination, to go home. He was a perfectly splendid fellow, extremely popular, and very much on his job. He went everywhere, and during the hard fighting of June and July, personally took newspapers and supplies to the men in the front lines. He was a valuable friend to the medical department, and pulled us out of many tight holes by jumping into his Ford, and after a night's run to Paris, bringing us up much needed

supplies by the next afternoon. We missed him sorely when he left us.

On April 13th occurred the first engagement of any moment in which the Division took part. In the extreme southern part of the sector, the Verdun-St. Mihiel canal ran into the enemy's lines. During the night, a battalion of the Ninth Infantry, in support positions along the canal, was accosted by what they first thought were French soldiers, as they wore French uniforms and spoke French. Our men quickly discovered the deception, and in no time a spirited engagement was under way, in which the enemy raiding party came out the worse.

It is often said that the morale of the troops can best be judged by the morale of the wounded, and this is unquestionably very true, for the elation of success stays with a man even when he is hard hit physically, whereas the lack of it leaves him with nothing wherewith to combat the inevitable depression. Our men rarely met with anything but success, and undoubtedly this fact was accountable for the universal cheerfulness and good humor of the wounded. The only wounded whom I had ever seen that had suffered defeat were the English in the first battle of Flanders,

in November, 1914. I saw these men coming through advanced stations, and while they were far from admitting that they were licked, their morale was low, and no one could blame them, after what they had been through. With utterly inadequate backing, they had for long weeks presented the thinnest kind of a line to a foe vastly superior in numbers, making the enemy pay heavily for every inch he gained.

The two months spent in the Verdun sector were very valuable so far as the training of the organization and staff officers was concerned. Here was a wonderful chance to work out the problem of ammunition and food supply, not upon a map thumb tacked to a table, but over roads swept by enemy fire, to hungry men and empty guns waiting at the other end. Ample opportunity presented itself to work over and perfect the various methods of liaison, so necessary for coördinated and successful operations.

The evacuation of the wounded men was our most important problem. The theories we had studied at Bouleuse were here put into practice.

It was evident from the development in war surgery, that the most important factor in the prevention of infection was the speed with which

the wounded man was brought to the operating table. Here was a link in the chain of evacuation which needed strengthening. There were two angles from which to approach the problem. In the first place to attempt to speed up the evacuation from the forward area, and in the second place to bring the hospital for non-transportable wounded as close to the line as varying conditions would permit. The hospital at Vaux Varennes with its marvelous surgical results was always in my mind. On these problems the medical department of the Second Division began work in its earliest days of training, and we were still perfecting our methods in November, 1918.

In my opinion our success was due to an appreciation of the importance of speed in bringing the wounded man to a place of definitive treatment. Colonel Marrow, the Division Surgeon at the time, approved heartily of our efforts. Major Lee, the Consulting Surgeon, began organizing the hospital for non-transportable wounded, and we used to sit up late into the night discussing an equipment which would include everything needed to do the most modern surgery, and yet preserve the mobility.

At Maujouy, between Souilly and our front, was

situated a very up-to-date French surgical hospital, under the command and direction of Colonel Rouvillois. Through the efforts of Major Lee, a group of medical officers with previous surgical training were placed in this hospital for instruction under French surgeons of experience. Major Lee carefully supervised the progress of these men, so that later when the Division was operating independently, he had under his direction a group of excellent operating surgeons, who did splendid work during the summer engagements of the Division.

Lieutenant Maurice Pincoffs, at that time Battalion Surgeon with the Ninth Infantry, had served with the British in the spring and summer of 1917. He had given serious thought to the question of the evacuation of the wounded from the forward area, and had had most active experience in this line while serving with the British about Ypres. His experience, combined with the courage and splendid qualities of leadership which he possessed, made him an invaluable person to develop this particular feature of the problem. Lieutenant Pincoffs came from Baltimore and was a graduate of the John Hopkins Medical School. He was the ideal of all that a medical officer should be.

Absolutely fearless, full of resource, and a born leader, he was ever accomplishing what appeared impossible, and in so doing maintained at a high pitch the morale of those about him. The system of location of battalion aid stations and use of the litter bearer sections of the ambulance companies, which was used in the open fighting of the summer, was developed by Lieutenant Pincoffs, and to him is due much of the credit for the rapid evacuation of the battlefield which characterized the later engagements of the Division.

It would not be out of place at this time to describe in general terms the functioning of the medical department in combat.

With a Division are the medical officers and men which form an integral part of each organization; and the Sanitary Train, made up of four ambulance companies and four field hospitals.

The medical personnel with the regiments enter combat with them, give first aid treatment, and establish battalion aid stations, where the wounded are collected by regimental and ambulance company stretcher bearers. From this point they are either carried back by the ambulance company stretcher bearers to ambulance head, or taken by ambulance to the furthest advanced field hospital.

Our system was to assign an ambulance company permanently to each of the four infantry regiments, so that the ambulance company stretcher bearers were always with the regiment and the ambulances trailing behind it, upon entering combat. As one of the four ambulance companies was animal drawn, its motor section when in combat was replaced by cars from the Ford section, the animal drawn ambulances serving the artillery.

With every regimental surgeon then, upon entering combat, was an ambulance company officer designated as the "Stretcher Bearer Officer," with his detachment of ambulance company stretcher bearers. The Regimental Surgeon was responsible for giving first aid treatment and bringing his wounded to some central collecting point, in which work the Stretcher Bearer Officer aided him by throwing in, when necessary, his personnel. The duties of the Stretcher Bearer Officer were primarily, however, to get the wounded back to the battalion aid station and from there back to ambulance head or the advanced field hospital.

The Ambulance Company Section of the Sanitary Train was made up of four ambulance companies, under the Director of Ambulance Companies. As I have said, three of these companies

were motorized, twelve ambulances to a company; the fourth was animal drawn. In addition to this the Division had the services of the above mentioned section of twenty Ford ambulances, during combat. It was not until after the armistice and during the march into Germany that these ambulances were permanently assigned to the Division.

The Field Hospital Section was made up of four field hospitals, under the Director of Field Hospitals. Three of these hospitals were motorized while the fourth, Number Sixteen, was animal drawn. Very early in the game we appreciated the importance of specializing each field hospital and equipping it for a distinct purpose.

Field Hospital One was designated the *triage* or sorting station. Through this hospital passed all casualties. Antitetanic serum was given to wounded who had not already received it. Those in shock were held here long enough to warm them thoroughly, and render them capable of standing further evacuation. Dressings were reinforced. All splints were inspected. The clothing of gassed cases was removed and as many bathed as facilities permitted. Most important of all, everyone was warmed up and given hot drinks and food. Field

Hospitals Fifteen and Twenty-three were designated as a combined hospital for non-transportable wounded, and were equipped with a generator for electric light, an X-ray outfit, and with complete surgical equipment. Field Hospital Sixteen was designated the hospital for gassed and sick.

As a general rule Field Hospital One, the *triage*, was placed as far forward as comparative safety and the arrangement of roads would permit. Of course, the distance varied greatly and depended upon a variety of conditions. The ideal place seemed to be about seven kilometers back of the front line. As short a distance as this made it possible for the Ford ambulances to double back very rapidly and thus evacuate the forward area with the greatest speed. A wounded man's peace of mind and body is not accomplished until the sounds and atmosphere of battle have become distant. With the troops either suddenly advancing or retreating, it was not possible to keep the hospital at all times as close as this. But in the case of a carefully planned advance we were always able to place the hospital well forward, so as to be as near the troops as practicable.

The combined hospital for non-transportable

wounded was, as a general rule, not placed nearer than twelve kilometers to the front line, unless a deep and well-protected cellar offered itself at some nearer point. Seriously wounded men cannot stand the din and racket caused by departing and arriving shells. Where the choice, however, has to be made between sending a seriously wounded man to his doom by subjecting him to a long evacuation to the rear, or operating upon him in safe though by no means ideal surroundings far forward, I would not hesitate in selecting the latter alternative. The latter choice was made during the St. Mihiel offensive with notable success.

Field Hospital Sixteen, for gassed and sick, was located and kept at least twelve kilometers back. Its location was ordinarily the same as that of the hospital for non-transportable wounded.

No hard and fast rules can be drawn governing the placing of the various field hospitals. The varying conditions met with in battle necessitate an elastic system. When you are winning, you can and should take greater chances, by bringing your sanitary units close, and thus insuring earlier and more rapid evacuation of the wounded. A daring policy on the part of the medical department helps very materially in maintaining the

morale of the troops. For a man on entering a fight likes to feel that should he be wounded he will be picked up and given prompt treatment. If he feels this he will enter the battle with increased confidence, fight harder, and if wounded, be better able to withstand the effects of shock. I don't think that the importance of this sphere of the medical department's work can be overestimated.

On May eighth came orders for the Division to leave the sector, and concentrate in the villages about Robert Espagne. This delightfully romantic name deserved a better fate than to have been united for better or worse to the particular village which it graced. To be sure this country had been invaded in 1914, and the people were very poor, but that should not entirely excuse the squalor and filth that was evident on all sides. It was indeed disheartening not to be able to find cleanliness back of the lines for our men, who for two months had lived under the necessarily unsanitary conditions of trench life.

We made the best of things, however, bathed the men, and passed their clothing through the Thresh-Foden disinfestors, which had recently been assigned to the Division. These were large

cylinders placed upon a truck chassis, and propelled and operated by a steam engine, in place of the usual gasoline engine. A circular hinged door gave access to the rear of the cylinder and permitted of the admission and removal of the bundles of clothing and blankets. Five pounds of steam pressure and an exposure of fifteen minutes sufficed to kill not only all lice but their eggs as well.

These two disinfestors each had a crew of two men with a sergeant in charge of the train. They came to be very well known throughout the Division, for their work carried them to all units in turn. The sergeant was a great big fellow who had much difficulty in obtaining clothing, and especially shoes that would fit. As a result his appearance was often rather grotesque. The crews of these disinfestors suffered many hardships incidental to the vagaries of their monster charges. They often had to repair roads and reinforce bridges before trusting to them the weight of their giants. Their wanderings kept them so far from the quartermaster that they seldom received their pay. But to balance these adversities it must be said that they enjoyed the most sanitary sleeping quarters of any soldiers in France. For, their day's

work over, they crawled inside the cylinders, and pulling the door to after them, shut out the world of vermin.

I would give a good deal to have shared some of the experiences of this particular unit, for to have toured a considerable portion of France on the bridge of a steam disinfestor is an opportunity not vouchsafed to many. At times they became far separated from the Division, owing to their slow speed, which did not exceed four miles an hour. But this never daunted the commanding officer, who always brought his fleet into the home port in the end.

Ten days saw the Division again on the move, this time to quite a new area, to the north of Paris. We were glad, for we knew that our First Division was up there, not far from Montdidier, and we hoped that we were going in alongside of them. Our Division always had the greatest respect for the First Division. They had seen more service than we, having gone into the trenches at least two months earlier. Of course as our experience became greater we grew to feel, as many another division did, that we were the best American division in France. But in a group of Second Division officers collected round a table, whenever the

relative merits of divisions were discussed, the First Division was sure to be the unanimous second choice.

Our destination was a training area round and about Chaumont-en-Vexin, in the sector covered by the Fifth French Army. The movement of the troops was carried out by train, with a long march from the disembarkation point to the ultimate billets. The sun was hot and the march a hard one. Many men fell out and were collected in French hospitals along the road. I followed up the line of march and stopped off at a small French hospital in the town of Marines, to find a collection of our men seated on the doorstep, scattered through the corridors, and in the cool shade of the lawn. They were being ministered to by a delighted French staff who informed me that these were the first American soldiers that they had seen, and that they were doing their best to make them feel at home. From the radiant faces of our men, it was easy to see that their efforts had met with complete success, and I registered a mental reservation as to the effects of French hospitality upon march discipline.

The motor transportation went across country upon its own wheels. It should have been a one

day's trip but it took us the greater part of two. We were green, but were learning something from every experience. The men moved into the most comfortable billets that they had yet occupied in France.

A Marine named Klinghard was looking for a billet in a little town and happened to enter a small hotel where eight prisoners were billeted under a French guard. They were seated about a table playing cards. One of them jumped up as he entered, ran to him and embraced him. It was his younger brother. Klinghard had left his home and come to America when very young. He is one hundred per cent. American, and speaks English with practically no accent. His father, a German, was killed at the beginning of the war, and the younger brother, then only fifteen, was forced into the service by his mother, who wished the fathers' death avenged. The boy had been a prisoner in France for two years.

We were just ten days in the new area. The time was given up entirely to extended order training and maneuvers. The men did not then realize that they had seen the last of trench warfare. Their fighting from now on was to be in the open—a fight to the death. Little did they realize

that in a few days they would be in the midst of one of the greatest and most decisive battles of the war. The hour to visit vengeance upon an arrogant foe, who had murdered our fellow citizens upon the high seas and had plotted harm within our household, was about to strike. The test for which we had been training for over a year was at hand. The curtain was about to be rung up upon the second battle of the Marne.

CHAPTER III

MEETING THE TEST[1]

Strong with the strength of earth beneath their tread,
Slow as the marching stars they gaze upon,
Squadrons of living Men and living Dead,
The legions of Democracy press on.

Harold Speakman.

It was on May twenty-eighth that rumors began pouring in. The Huns had attacked on a thirty-mile front between Soissons and Rheims, breaking through at the Chemin des Dames—our Division was to be thrown across their path—they had captured twenty-five thousand French prisoners and were advancing without opposition.

On the morning of May thirtieth came an order that the Division was to hold itself in readiness to move at a moment's notice. The enemy was reported to be within a few kilometers of Château-Thierry.

That order gave rise to a thrill which it would be hard to describe. Our entry into the war had not been too late. At last the test was at hand. Our Division had been picked to be thrown across the path of one of the most determined advances of the Hun. We welcomed the test. The Division was

[1] Reprinted, with permission, from *Scribner's Magazine.*

A Battalion Aid Station

Drawn by Capt. George Harding, A. E. F., Sept. 26, 1918

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like a football team on the eve of its most important game. A team trained to the minute and fretting against the restraint which would lift only with the referee's whistle.

It was an excited group of officers collected in the office of the Chief of Staff that same evening when orders arrived directing the movement of the Division. We stood about Colonel Preston Brown, who with a green eye shade pulled down over his face read out the various embarkation points from which the different units of the Division would embus during the night.

By sunrise the Division was moving towards the designated concentration point at Meaux. I went by automobile with my chief, Colonel Marrow, through Pontoise, St. Denis, Sevran, and Claye. As we passed the long line of dust-enveloped busses, from the sounds of singing and joking that came from them, one would have supposed this an excursion to a country fair rather than a movement into one of the grimmest battles of the war. We reached Meaux at noon.

The C. R. A. (Center Régulatrice Automobile) was an animated beehive. Motor cycles and staff cars were coming and going continuously. Excited French officers burst in for instructions and were on

their way again. It was not necessary to be told that momentous things were happening, and that a battle was being prepared for and actually under way the result of which would greatly influence the future history of the world.

I went at once to visit the Médicin Inspecteur of the Sixth French Army to obtain instructions as to how the evacuation was to be carried out. The French said that all wounded must be sent to Paris. They flatly refused permission to establish our hospital for non-transportable wounded upon the north bank of the Marne, stating that the enemy would surely cross the river and we would needlessly sacrifice our wounded, medical personnel, and property.

The problems of the medical department in anticipation of the heavy fighting that was now to be expected were very difficult. There were but few well-organized French hospitals of any size immediately back of the new front created by this last advance of the Huns. In that territory just evacuated by the French some twenty thousand hospital beds were lost. The nearest hospital that was in any way sufficient was at Juilly, about seventy kilometers to the rear.

This hospital had occurred to me, as I studied my map on the drive to Meaux, for in 1914 when work-

ing in the American hospital at Neuilly, my friend Dr. Walton Martin of New York was in Paris outfitting this hospital, established by Mrs. H. P. Whitney. In company with my wife, the three of us, on our afternoons off duty, had bought supplies ranging from pillow-cases to surgical instruments.

I knew that the hospital would fill our needs, as largely due to Dr. Martin's great ability and interest, backed by Mrs. Whitney's generosity, it had become one of the best organized and equipped institutions in France. It was in the charge of American medical officers and nurses and was capable of expansion to eight hundred beds. Outside of it there was nothing closer than the already overtaxed ones in Paris. In moving to the front we dropped off medical officers and enlisted personnel at Juilly with instructions to enlarge the hospital to its utmost capacity.

A château in Meaux, at No. 56 rue Ste. Faron, was requisitioned at once for another of the divisional field hospitals. All day long successive units of the Division passed through Meaux and went out to the northeast. The roads in every direction were very much congested; troops marching to the north and refugees moving to the south, in a continuous procession of all sorts and kinds of oxen

drawn vehicles filled with women and children. Flocks of sheep, herds of cattle, and small collections of geese and chickens made up the motley array. The Marne as it crosses under the La Ferté Meaux road at Trilport was filled with a slow-moving, densely packed column of canal boats, moving steadily toward the south and safety.

On the night of May thirty-first the infantry units of the Division were on the march or in bivouac along the Meaux-Vincy road. The train was halted just outside the city, and during the night there were many hostile aeroplanes aloft which bombed Meaux and attempted to locate the position of the troops. Orders obtained from the Headquarters of the Sixth French Army directed that the Division should take up a position between Gandulu and Montigny. The Division Headquarters were established at May-en-Multien. During the night of the thirty-first, however, these orders were changed, and the Division was ordered to concentrate at a point on the Paris-Metz road beyond Montreuil-aux-Lions.

Early on the morning of June first, I went up to Vincy to move to Bézu, Dhuisy, and Cocherel the two ambulance companies and field hospitals ordered to Vincy the night before. This move was

necessitated by the change in front decided upon during the night. In the early morning light the world appeared strangely confused—a world that had not gone to sleep, for sleep during the past few nights had been murdered. Propped up against a tree alongside the road with a month-old baby in her arms slept a weary mother. Grouped about her on the ground, in the same position in which they had thrown themselves down, slept the older children. In the background squatted the grandmother preparing breakfast, while a pair of oxen tethered to the heavily laden chariot chewed their cud in melancholy meditation. When these weary pedestrians turned off the road for a halt, they fell in their tracks into a state of unconsciousness from which they arose in an hour or so's time to continue their weary march.

Round the turn, in a huge two-wheeled cart drawn by four oxen and heaped high with hay which served a double purpose as fodder for the animals and as a soft bed for the passengers came another family, already under way. The children slept, while the parents looked back with anxious faces, for above the noise of the column on the road could be heard the deeper note of artillery fire.

On the right loomed up the hangars of an avia-

tion field and at the same moment the ear caught the hum of racing motors being tested before their flight. Amidst shouted directions a Spad came darting across the field, took the air skimming the road by feet only, and in a long graceful circle climbed to the upper air. The pilot waved to the column of refugees, and was answered by cries of "*Bonne chance*" from the road.

In a field on the left, two small boys with the aid of a dog were rounding up a herd of sheep, preparatory to moving on. Down the road came a herd of cattle, kept in column of two by the opposing line of traffic on the one hand, and a deep ditch on the other. They were followed by a never-ending string of animal drawn vehicles each loaded to capacity. Where families were too numerous to find a place for each, the mother had fastened a baby carriage to the tail of the cart, and trudged along in the wake. Even wheelbarrows had been pressed into service, and, loaded with household goods, followed closely in the path of the family units. Dogs strained at the traces of small four-wheeled carts heaped high with treasures from home. The grotesqueness of the procession was punctuated by its pathos.

On a high embankment to the right, silhouetted

against the pink of a June dawn, suddenly appeared a line of stacked rifles. Just then the notes of assembly blared out, and the men began slinging on their packs and falling in to march the remaining distance that separated them from the oncoming Hun. They had debussed along this road late the night before and there bivouacked.

A little further on, a road to the left pointed my destination. Vincy was but a collection of farm houses along a straggling street with large barnyards placed in the rear. A silence as of the tomb pervaded the place. Over the wall of a barnyard I espied some field hospital trucks, and under the cow-shed stretched out on the straw was the personnel. They had reached here only an hour or so before and had thrown themselves down where they had debarked. It required some shaking to arouse them. As they entered the village during the night the French inhabitants were leaving it. Some of the ambulance companies' personnel had spent the latter part of the night in beds occupied earlier in the evening by their French owners. I sent them off to their various destinations where I saw them again the next day.

The next morning I was summoned to Division Headquarters at Montreuil-aux-Lions to direct the

evacuation of the forward area. I was delighted, for heretofore my chief had insisted on my being with him at Meaux, from which distance it was impossible to coördinate the medical activities at the Front.

The Division Surgeon's post is at Division Headquarters, where he can be in the closest possible touch with his General, Chief of Staff, G 1 and *G* 3. He must command the confidence of his General and Chief of Staff, and must be familiar at all times with the strategical situation. It is only through possessing advance information of premeditated troop movements that suitable dispositions of the sanitary troops can be made. Another and most important duty of the Division Surgeon in combat is keeping in close touch with the medical officers of the various units engaged. To accomplish this it is my firm belief, that he must use his assistant as his personal representative in the forward area during combat. The job is too big and the area too great for one man to cover single-handed. There must be a division of labor which permits of the Chief Surgeon coördinating and administrating the larger questions of operations and evacuation while his assistant keeps him in touch with the combat units and sees that the needs of the regimental

medical personnel are promptly and efficiently filled.

In the forward area I used a side car which was assigned to me, for getting round. These were most handy for just this work. On exposed roads under enemy observation they were but a small and rapidly moving target, and could turn in their own length.

My first duty on reaching Montreuil was to visit Field Hospital One at Bézu-le-Guéry. Bézu was a village of not more than fifty buildings, placed on the heights to the north of the Marne, built about one winding street. At the extreme northern end was a small church with a two-story schoolhouse adjoining. These two buildings were taken over by the hospital and served a most useful purpose during the five weeks that the Division fought on this front.

The schoolroom was high ceilinged, with one wall a black-board. It was a room of ghosts. Under date of May twenty-ninth, still stood the composition lesson of that day. *Un jour de grand vent.* It must have been much more than a day of great wind to the children attending that last class; truly a day of much alarm, borne on the wings of a great Hun advance. Under the caption, *La Pensée,* the lesson went on: *L'homme libre*

obeit a sa conscience et aux lois de son pays. Almost in the presence of the enemy, the children of France were being taught the righteousness of their fathers' cause. Then came a column of words, the last word unfinished. The lesson had been interrupted.

As I gazed upon the room I saw again the figures of the little children leaning over their desks and writing industriously in their copy books. I saw the teacher pouring her soul into the sentences on the board. I heard the approach of a horse. He was reined up at the door. The loud knock, followed by the appearance of a French soldier, who told of the oncoming enemy hordes, counseling immediate flight. Something else told me that the flight was dignified, not precipitate; that the children were reminded that it was ennobling to suffer *pour la France*, and that the interrupted lesson would be continued *après la Victoire.*

Field Hospital One had installed itself in the church and schoolroom. The pews and desks had been removed and given place to litter racks, each with its blanket draped litter. A portion of the schoolroom had been partitioned off by means of blankets into a resuscitation ward where the heat from several primus stoves was conserved to the

maximum. The remainder of the schoolroom was arranged as a dressing room for the seriously wounded. In the courtyard a tent had been erected in which men exposed to mustard gas could be undressed preparatory to their bath in a small concrete chamber adjoining. Here one of the portable shower baths always carried by this hospital, had been set up, and was supplied with water by pump from an adjacent well. Another small tent adjoining afforded a dressing room, and was kept well supplied with pyjamas, underclothing, socks, and towels. Under a shed in the corner was piled the men's discarded equipment, which was removed daily by a salvage truck. The church was used as a temporary refuge for the slightly gassed and wounded while awaiting evacuation further to the rear.

Wounded were already coming into Bézu, for our infantry had engaged the enemy to either side of the Paris-Metz road, the center on Le Thiolet Ferme, the right flank on La Nouette Ferme, the left flank on Hill 142, north of Champillon. Heavy casualties were to be expected in the near future, for our men once in the line it was a foregone conclusion that they would not be content with simply repelling the enemy's attacks. Sooner or later they

would assume the offensive, in spite of the fact that they were opposed by two crack Hun divisions. It worried me greatly to consider that the nearest hospital to Bézu at which our men could receive definitive surgical treatment was at a distance of sixty kilometers. So ruled the French, however, and our principal concern was to get the wounded back.

As will be seen, hospitals were brought nearer a little later, at a time, however, when they were not so urgently needed. Early on the morning of June fourth I was much cheered by the arrival of a section of twenty Ford ambulances. This acquisition swelled the Division's motor ambulance quota to fifty-six cars, but even so, far too few to carry on an evacuation of over sixty kilometers. The Ford ambulances were immediately assigned to the forward segment of the evacuation, that was from the battalion aid stations to Field Hospital One at Bézu. This arrangement made available the more powerful and comfortable riding G. M. C. ambulances for the long haul back from Bézu to Juilly. The Ford cars proved themselves particularly useful for the forward work. Their short wheel base and ability to turn quickly made it possible to take and operate them where a larger car would have been unhandy. I have seen them pull into

a small courtyard, back up to the door of the aid station for their load, and be off again in the time that it would take a larger car to turn around.

While on the subject of ambulances I want to pay tribute to the ambulance drivers. There were no braver or more devoted men in our forces, and I include in this category not only the men driving ambulances with our troops, but those driving for the French and Italians and those who drove for the French before we entered the war. And I am speaking of the orderly who accompanied each driver as well as the driver himself. After dark it was possible to bring the ambulances much closer to the line than during daylight, although shell-swept roads, under plain observation from enemy balloons, did not in the least daunt these men. Their one idea was to keep their cars rolling, and roll they did, in and out of shell holes, over or around fallen trees, around death corners sprayed by Austrian eighty-eights. The work of the ambulance drivers in the forward area required brave, cool, and daring men, and such men did the work.

The battalion aid stations were situated in villages or isolated farm houses. These were under intermittent shell fire during the whole period that the Division held this front, so that where cellars

were available they were used for the greater security of the wounded.

On the morning of June sixth, the regimental aid station of the Fifth Regiment, United States Marines at Voie-de-Châtel, was the scene of great activity. The courtyard of the house in which the station was situated was filled with slightly wounded awaiting transportation back. As soon as an ambulance drew up, three stretcher cases were quickly loaded on board, and several sitting cases climbed to the seat beside the driver or stretched themselves out on the forward mud guards, and the car was off to Bézu.

In one corner of the yard sat a group of wounded prisoners, munching their black bread, and maintaining a haughty silence even among themselves. They were members of a Prussian Guard Regiment and were adapting themselves with difficulty to the rôle of the vanquished. Another group was made up entirely of "soldiers and sailors too," awaiting their turn to "shove off." They were showing one another captured Lueger pistols and field glasses and were deriving immense satisfaction from handling their precious and hard-won trophies.

Here was a pile of discarded equipment, pack

carriers, ammunition belts, bandoliers, canteens, mess kits, taken from the wounded men, and later to be gathered in by the salvage department. Hospital corps men were circulating among the wounded and distributing food. Lieutenant Commander Dessai, the regimental surgeon, a strapping big fellow, whose utter disregard for danger and unconquerable joviality made him beloved by his subordinates, was moving among the wounded, directing dressings, and selecting those destined for earliest evacuation. The crescendo roar of an arriving shell caused everyone to crouch momentarily until the deafening explosion had passed. The distant hum of a Boche plane, synchronous with the shouted command of the guard to take cover, drove everyone in doors, or flattened them against the building's walls.

Through the gate of the courtyard came from time to time small groups of walking wounded or a lying case supported on the shoulders of four prisoner stretcher bearers. The latter were universally very well trained, and handled the wounded with great gentleness. The care and pains they took in lowering and depositing a stretcher upon the ground showed the very best teaching and discipline. The more seriously wounded were taken

indoors into a small low ceilinged room where there were a couple of stretcher racks and a table covered with dressing materials. Here worked incessantly a junior medical officer with a couple of hospital corps men as his assistants. The latter are trained dressers, who relieve the medical officers of much of their work, freeing them for the duties of evacuation. Splints were applied for the first time, or adjusted, previous dressings reinforced, antitetanic serum administered, and every one given a warm drink or some hot food.

As soon as their immediate needs had been looked after out they went and into an ambulance while others took their places. These hospital corps men became expert dressers, and I would defy some of the best surgeons I know to apply a Thomas leg or arm splint better than I have seen it done by many of the hospital corps men of the army or navy.

I jumped into my side car and went on up to Champillon where I found Captain Shea running his battalion station single handed. He had already passed a great many men through, and the several small rooms and shed that constituted his aid station were still crowded with wounded. He was evacuating back to Voie-de-Châtel by prisoner

stretcher bearers. As this was a pretty long carry, considerably over a mile, and as the road was but little under observation, I went back and brought up sufficient cars to evacuate his station entirely. Captain Shea had been sniped at that morning while standing outside his station and showed me a hole through one of the side pockets of his blouse as witness of the fact. The closeness of this station to the front line was a fair example of the situation of the other battalion stations of this regiment and of the other regiments of the Division. Our principle was, the nearer the battalion aid station to the actual scene of combat the more quickly did the wounded man receive first aid and the sooner was his evacuation to the rear possible. In stationary or semi-stationary warfare, this was, of course, more easily accomplished. Where attacking troops were driving rapidly and successfully forward, this particular problem of the medical department became increasingly more difficult.

On leaving Shea I went to Lucy-le-Bocage to visit Captains Pratt and Hook. On the open stretch of road between the latter place and Voie-de-Châtel, in plain observation from Hill 142, where were some enemy batteries, my side car suddenly became stage struck and refused to

proceed. My driver, Goodyear, a big rosy-cheeked boy, very deliberate of manner, and studying for holy orders when the war overtook and interfered with his career, much to his credit and to the relief of my rather strained feelings, gave vent to language not taught in theological schools. During the few moments that it took Goodyear to coax the car to run again I admired the view and abjured the makers of motor cycles. With a choke of renewed life the engine started and we were on our way again without having drawn fire. In the fields to either side of the road were the bloated bodies of cattle killed by enemy artillery. Outside Lucy were the smoking remains of an ammunition dump that had recently been blown up. Shells were falling in the town, but it still looked comparatively intact compared to the picture it presented several weeks later. I found the battalion aid station emptied of all wounded, and the two surgeons stretched out on litters, in the heavy sleep of exhaustion.

All afternoon I worked on dispositions of the sanitary troops for the proposed attack by the Marine Brigade at five o'clock. Ambulances had to be distributed among stations where the greatest number of casualties were to be expected. Ad-

ditional stretcher bearers were sent to those points where the longest carries would occur. Each battalion station was thoroughly equipped with medical supplies. An advance dressing station for walking cases was established.

Division Headquarters at Montreuil was a busy place that night. The Marine Brigade had jumped off at 5 P.M. By night a considerable portion of the Bois-de-Belleau had been taken, and Bouresches captured and successfully defended. After their unsuccessful counter-attacks the Huns contented themselves with shooting up our back area, particularly the roads, in an attempt to prevent our bringing up reinforcements.

Shortly before midnight I went up to a battalion aid station of the Sixth Marines, in a farm house at Petit Montgivault, just off the Paris-Metz road, taking with me several ambulances, in response to a demand for more cars at that station. The collection of farm houses and barns that justified the name Petit Montgivault were under fire at the time, and as I stepped from the car and turned up a hedge-lined lane leading to the dressing station, I felt the combined rush and explosion of a shell, which toppled me over against the hedge, and on top of me a mule drawing a machine-gun cart.

The orderly of a Ford ambulance was killed and the driver of another car wounded by the same shell. The mule was between them and me. In the dust caused by the explosion and the pitch darkness, I groped my way to the wounded driver, guided by his groans. With the assistance of an ambulance driver, who turned up out of the darkness, I got the wounded man on a stretcher, and together we stumbled with him to the aid station.

Passing through several overlapping ponchos hung in the doorway to conceal the interior lighting, I was at first blinded, and I mean this literally, by the bright candle-light from within. The small room was the scene of intense activity. Two litter racks occupied the central floor space, each supporting a wounded man, who was being worked over by a medical officer and several hospital corps men. Clamps had just been applied to the divided brachial artery in a badly wounded upper arm, and the tourniquet was being loosened but left in place to guard against accident during his subsequent evacuation. Major Farwell, the surgeon, had himself attended to Colonel Catlin, the regimental commander, who had been wounded through the chest during the late afternoon, and supervised his evacuation to

the rear. He was exhausted, and his second in command, Captain Boone, was directing the dressings and evacuations with great speed and skill. As soon as the wounded were dressed and cared for, they were taken down to an adjoining cellar, where they awaited the arrival of an ambulance.

With shells hissing close to the roof, and only a thin wall between this roomful and the enemy's guns, this was a particularly dangerous station. Several days later the building received a direct hit, and the ceiling and roof collapsed upon this same room, burying ten or twelve men, and killing a number of them. About seven hundred and fifty wounded had been passed through this one station during the preceding thirty-six hours, and in the flickering candlelight, the doctors and their assistants looked worn and haggard from their hard work and the terrible strain under which it had been accomplished. Having exhausted their strength they worked on their nerves, automatically doing what instinct dictated. These were days in which men worked until they dropped and then rose to work again. Human strength was tested to the breaking point, and yet there was work to do.

On my way back I stopped at the advance

brigade dressing station, established that afternoon by Ambulance Company Sixteen in Ventelet Ferme, just off the Paris-Metz road. This station was primarily established for walking wounded, who would naturally come back by the road along which they had gone into action. In serving only the walking cases it by so much relieved the congestion in the overcrowded battalion stations, and reduced considerably the number of wounded requiring treatment at Field Hospital One at Bézu.

I found Captain Meacham, the very capable C. O. of the ambulance company, with his hands full. The military police at the four corners of the Marigny-Bézu and Paris-Metz roads had directed all walking wounded here, and the large haylofts of the adjoining barns were filled with sleeping men, who had been dressed and fed and were awaiting transportation by truck to the rear. As soon as the truck pulled in, twenty or twenty-five of those most urgently in need of surgical treatment were awakened and packed like sardines on the straw-covered bottom of the truck. They went directly to Juilly.

I stopped off at Bézu on the way back to headquarters. Ambulances just in from the front were unloading wounded at the door of the church.

The interior presented a weird and somber picture. The whole floor space, except for three aisles running the length of the church, was filled with blanketed figures lying upon stretchers. The church was lit by candles upon the altar and pulpit railing. The chancel was occupied entirely by prisoner wounded, placed there for the ostensible purpose of guarding against their escape. This refinement in their security was hardly necessary judging from the serious nature of their wounds.

Seated on a bench against one of the side walls was a long row of slightly wounded men, along which passed a medical officer followed by an assistant with a tray of syringes. Each man received an injection of antitetanic serum, and as witness of the fact a broad T was marked by means of an iodine swab upon his forehead. Captain Evans, the C. O. of the field hospital, was passing up and down the aisles, designating the men to be loaded on the waiting ambulances.

Considering the length of evacuation back to Juilly and the heavy casualties we were suffering, our hospital facilities were utterly inadequate. With the heavily wooded areas just back of our front, in which our support and reserve battalions were concealed, we might expect a gas bombard-

ment as soon as the enemy's guns were brought up in numbers. To handle a large number of gas casualties we were utterly unprepared. Our line was now stabilized and the French could no longer raise their former objection to bringing our hospitals up to the Marne.

In order to bring the question to an issue, I went the following day with Colonel Marrow and Colonel Patterson, a medical representative from G. H. Q., to see the French Corps Surgeon. We carried our point and obtained permission to bring Field Hospital Twenty-three, the hospital for non-transportable wounded, from Juilly to La Ferté-sous-Jouarre, where it was to be installed in a French civil hospital, supplemented by our own Bessoneau tents. Field Hospital Sixteen for gassed cases was to go into a large château at Luzancy.

On June ninth both these hospitals were at their new locations, and I breathed more easily. It was none too soon, for during the early morning hours of June fourteenth, the Huns bombarded the ravine north of Lucy with yperite (the technical name for mustard gas), necessitating the evacuation of over nine hundred members of the Second Battalion, Sixth Marines.

The battalion aid station was situated beneath

a culvert on the Bouresches-Lucy road. The main avenue of approach to the Bois-de-Belleau led up the ravine from the culvert, along a dry stream bed. Down this natural communicating trench passed the gassed men, each receiving at the culvert station a gauze compress wrung out of bicarbonate of soda to place over his badly inflamed eyes. The battalion commander, Major Hughes, was among the last to come out, late in the afternoon. Doctors Locy and Mack stood by their culvert station until the last man had come out, although both of them were seriously gassed. As a result of their devotion to duty they were invalided for a month's time.

At Bézu everyone was stripped and as many bathed as facilities permitted. Those that could not be bathed here were put into pyjamas or suits of underclothing and sent at once to Luzancy where good facilities existed. Later that afternoon, I saw a large number of the very slightly gassed being bathed in the Marne, beneath the suspension bridge crossing to Luzancy.

On June tenth, Division Headquarters moved from Montreuil-aux-Lions to Genevrois Ferme, within a very short distance of Bézu-le-Guéry. I went to the latter place, and shared the office and

sleeping quarters of the Director of Ambulance Companies, Major Miller. Bézu was situated in almost the exact center of the sector which we were holding, and was easily accessible by good roads from any point of the front. It was an ideal location for the *triage*, or sorting station, for the co-ordination of the ambulance section, and for the general supervision of the medical activities of the front area.

In going from Bézu to the regimental aid station of the Ninth Infantry at Beaurepaire Ferme, the road led through Villiers-sur-Marne and by the gateway of Madame Huard's "Home on the Field of Honour." Many times during those June days was I carried back to the early part of September, 1914, when similar scenes had been enacted in this same locality. There was the lovely old château, with its beautiful grounds and trees. And there on the lawn placidly cropping the much overgrown grass was the old gray donkey who, after the first battle of the Marne, had rounded up and led to the shelter of his mistress's home that pathetic group of the invaders' cast-off animals.

A little up the road from the château still lived Father Poupard with his wife and daughter and grandchildren. During the month of June the

old man was evacuated by one of our ambulances because of sickness. Louis, one of his two orphan grandchildren, for whom he had walked all the way from Château-Thierry to Épernay and back, had grown to be a fine big boy.

Ambulance Company Fifteen used Madame Huard's château as their headquarters. I had wanted to establish there our hospital for non-transportable wounded, but it was considered by the Commanding General, Division Surgeon, and French Corps Surgeon to be too close to the front line. This hospital was doing excellent work at La Ferté-sous-Jouarre. The operating room and wards were installed in the buildings of the French hospital, while Bessoneau tents set up in the garden housed the X-ray plant and the combined admission and resuscitation ward.

Ambulances were unloading at the gate when I visited this hospital late on the afternoon of June eleventh. I followed the four litter cases that were gently lifted out and carried to the admission ward, which was nearly full of wounded men awaiting operation. The new arrivals were placed on litter racks, which ran the length of the tent on either side of the center aisle. Each litter rack was draped with blankets which fell to the ground

and so conserved and centralized the heat from a stove placed beneath the litter. In this way the *réchauffement* of the wounded man began from the moment that he entered the hospital, and the necessary formalities in recording and taking the history of a new arrival were not allowed to interfere with his first being thoroughly warmed.

This tent was presided over by an admitting officer with a staff of one nurse and half a dozen enlisted men of the medical department. We had nurses in the hospital at this time, who did splendid and devoted work. Later on, when the hospital corps men became more skilled, we were able to dispense with their services entirely.

The Consulting Surgeon of the Division, Major Lee, divided his time between this tent and the operating room. He personally saw each new arrival, examined him, and prescribed preoperative treatment. He sorted the patients out and decided, according to urgency, upon their operative priority. As the turn of each came he was taken to the adjoining tent where an X-ray photograph was taken or fluoroscopic examination made, and the exact position of the foreign body located and noted upon the patient's history card. Thus when

his turn came to go to the operating room, the history and examination of each was complete.

In one corner of the tent a badly shocked patient was receiving an infusion of normal salt solution into the median basilic vein of his arm. A nurse was holding aloft the glass container from which the fluid steadily flowed, while a surgeon bent over the man's arm and controlled the flow. Further down the line a young fellow, who looked more dead than alive from a severe hemorrhage, was receiving a transfusion of blood, voluntarily offered by a soldier of one of the divisions in training in our rear. The blood had been collected in a glass flask, preserved by the addition of citrate of soda and sent forward to meet just such an emergency as this. I stood spellbound and watched the suffusion of pink, the token of returning life, that gradually showed itself in those alabaster white cheeks. As the contents of the flask steadily lowered and the color of the cheeks deepened, it seemed indeed that the day of miracles was not past.

In the operating room three tables were in use. The three teams, made up each of a surgeon, assistant, and nurse—the instrument passer—looked jaded from their long hard day's work. On one table a perforating wound of the chest was being

sewed up. On another an intestinal resection had just been completed by the operator, while his assistant was searching for a shell fragment deeply imbedded in the upper thigh. On a third patient, whom I had seen less than an hour before passing through Field Hospital One at Bézu, a ligation of the brachial artery was being performed. Cases of similar gravity had been operated upon during the day, making a total of forty at this time, while an equal number in the admission ward awaited operation.

In another hour the night shift of operators would go on duty, finding enough work to keep them going hard until the following morning. At this time the three operating teams were working in twelve-hour shifts, but we soon found that this was too long and tiring a period, so we reduced the number of teams from three to two, and put them on in eight-hour shifts.

The mortality in this hospital was necessarily very high, for only the most seriously wounded were held here. All who could stand the transportation were sent on back to Juilly. Many died here whose condition never justified an operation. As against these, a man whose condition was desperate upon arrival, so improved under *réchauffe-*

ment and other anti-shock treatment that he was able to live through an operation, which saved his life.

Heavy fighting continued through the month of June, the Fourth Brigade steadily increasing its hold upon the Bois-de-Belleau, until on the twenty-fifth in one last furious assault, the Hun was driven out of it completely.

This famous stretch of woodland was a grim habitation during these long June days. The dry stream bed that afforded the main avenue of approach was lined with "fox-holes," from which protruded the feet of the sleeping occupants. The six hours of darkness were hours of alarm or hard fighting, the hours of daylight being given up to rest, when the heavy shelling permitted. For the first nine days of June, these men did not taste hot food. Later they got at least one warm meal a day. As I saw them cooking their coffee in a canteen cup over a solidified alcohol tin, at the mouth of their "fox-hole," I thought that I had suddenly come upon a colony of cliff dwellers.

Then came the turn of the Third Brigade, composed of the Ninth and Twenty-third Infantry, to assume the offensive and straighten out and advance their front, which lay to the south of the

Paris-Metz road. The preparation for the attack on Vaux was very thorough, and involved as careful planning on the part of the medical department as by the infantry or artillery. On the days just preceding the proposed offensive I reconnoitered carefully the front covered by the infantry regiments, going up to the villages of Bourbelin and Monneaux and selecting sites in them for aid and dressing stations, picking out the most protected roads for the evacuation of the wounded, and arranging for stretcher bearer relay post.

At 6 P.M., July first, after several hours' artillery perparation concentrated upon the village of Vaux, the attack was launched. All objectives were reached on schedule time. The enemy retaliated by throwing down a gruelling barrage across our lines of communication so that ambulances which had been sent up to Monneaux the night before were not able to leave there until after nine o'clock because of the heavy shelling of the road.

Most of the casualties, as is usually the case, occurred in the early part of the advance and numbered about four hundred. They were evacuated promptly and began coming into the regimental aid station of the Ninth Infantry at Beaurepaire

Ferme around seven o'clock. The battalion aid station of the Third Battalion of the Twenty-third Infantry was situated on the ground floor of a cottage in the village of Bourbelin. This village came under heavy artillery fire shortly after the attack was launched.

Just before seven I received word at the Division Report Center at La Nouette Ferme that Lieutenant Brown, one of the medical officers with this battalion had been killed. I started in my side car for Bourbelin at once. The valley in which Monneaux and Vaux were placed was filled with smoke, and the air pulsated and throbbed with the din and roar of the combined artillery fire. The wooded top of Hill 204 rose above the sea of smoke out of the northeast, the only landmark clearly discernible in the thick haze. Walking wounded coming in along the road from Bourbelin and the Bois de la Marette, and in passing I directed them to the aid station at Beaurepaire Ferme.

Approaching Bourbelin I could see the curtain of smoke, which represented the enemy's barrage, lying across the Paris-Metz road. The road leading into the village, which yesterday had been practically untouched by shell fire, was now filled with craters which made the going next to impossible.

Shells were breaking in the village and hissing overhead to break on the Paris-Metz road to the west. The aid station was near the southern and western end of the village, the two small front rooms on the ground floor being used as dressing rooms. One of these in which Lieutenant Brown had been attending wounded, had received a direct hit, he having been killed instantly, but no one else hurt.

Captain Claude A. Martin, the Battalion Surgeon, was hard at work, with insufficient aid, so I turned to and lent a helping hand. The floor space was so covered with wounded that it was difficult to get around among them, while the dimness of the light from a few candles added to the difficulties. It was work done under most trying conditions, but through it all Captain Martin maintained his usual bubbling spirits, cracking jokes and bantering with his men, as though nothing of unusual moment were happening. We had no sooner made material headway in emptying the room than others were brought in to take their place. And so went on the work until I was called elsewhere.

Later that night I returned to this station to find that it had received another direct hit upon

the roof, which had brought the ceiling down and wounded Lieutenant Thomas, who had taken Lieutenant Brown's place, thus again leaving Captain Martin laboring unaided.

The enemy was using gas as well as H. E., a whiff of which I got upon entering the village for the second time. You could differentiate the gas from the H. E. explosion by the hollower and less intense sound of the former. As we worked, such a shell exploded close by, and we helped the wounded men on with their masks, and pulled on our own. The work went on, punctuated only by the hiss of shells overhead or the explosion of one nearer at hand. As soon as an ambulance was signaled, out went its load, followed by a temporary lull in the work, until the blanket at the door was pushed aside and a wounded man was brought in by stretcher bearers from the Front.

Captain Martin received the D. S. C. as a result of his splendid work during the first two days of July at Bourbelin. In the heavy fighting in which the Third Battalion of the Twenty-third Infantry had taken part, during the month of June and the first week of July, Captain Martin had literally had two of his medical officers killed at his very elbow. If he had not been a tower of strength

and made of the finest stuff, he would have broken under the strain.

The story of this reserve officer, who came from Jefferson Davis Park, Louisiana, is a real epic of downright American pluck. From boyhood he had stood on his own feet. After going into business at an early age he gave up a commercial career in which success was assured, and supported himself through his medical training. He was used to hard knocks, and sudden reversals of fortune. The words fear and failure were not in his vocabulary. An ideal medical officer, refusing to accept anything short of success, he inspired his men and associates in like measure.

I met Martin one day at Bézu after his battalion had been subjected to a seven-hour gas bombardment. His eyes were red and bloodshot and his voice hoarse. I rated him roundly for not having changed his clothing and taken a bath, telling him that he must practice what he was supposed to preach.

"But, Major, I must attend to my men first," was his only answer, and not until the last of them had gone through, would he think of himself.

On July fifth the relief of the Division by the Twenty-sixth was begun. The next day orders

came to stand fast, as a German offensive between Rheims and Château-Thierry was expected. The relief was continued on the seventh and by the next day the Division was completely out, the Twenty-sixth Division holding the sector. The threatened German offensive did not break until the fourteenth.

All through June our infantry and artillery had fought valiantly with little or no protection from above. I frequently saw hostile planes flying low over our artillery positions and recording gun emplacements without molestation, aside from rifle fire from the ground. Occasionally a few French planes were aloft, but very few days went by when one or more observations of our positions were not made by hostile planes. During the first week of July, however, we appreciated a great difference in the air protection afforded the Division.

The arrival of an American squadron cheered the hearts of everyone. The loud strident hum of Nieuports was heard from daylight until dusk, and with their arrival passed the supremacy of the air from the Hun to the Yankee. This supremacy was won at a crucial time, for during the next ten days occurred those great troop movements which resulted in the deathblow to Prussian militarism —

the combined American and French offensive at Soissons on July eighteenth. Without the systematic blinding of the enemy's eyes which this American squadron insured, the masking of the troop movement, and the perfect element of surprise with which the attack was attended, could never have been achieved.

With this squadron was my brother-in-law, Quentin Roosevelt, a *chasse pilote*. Little did I realize on the fourteenth, that the young eagle was doing battle in the sky just to the northeast of where I was. That day I was invalided back to Dr. Blake's Hospital in Paris. It was not until two days later that I heard of his great last fight. He fell, but the photographic plane which he was protecting reached safety and brought most important information regarding the German attack that was launched that night.

CHAPTER IV

NOT TOO PROUD TO FIGHT

Only by putting honour and duty ahead of safety, shall we stand erect before the world, high of heart and the masters of our own souls.—*Theodore Roosevelt.*

BETWEEN July fifteenth and the early morning of July eighteenth the Division was moved across country and concentrated in the woods of Villers-Cotterets, to the southwest of Soissons, where were also collecting our First Division and the French Foreign Legion. This concentration was carried out with the utmost secrecy, no one knowing either of our destination or mission.

An attempt was made by the Division Surgeon to communicate with the Service of Supplies and get up an evacuation hospital. He was refused for reasons of military secrecy. He was furthermore informed by the French Corps Surgeon that ample hospital facilities had been provided by the French. These facilities turned out to be hospitals at Pierrefond, Sery-Magneval, and Crépy-en-Valois, which were utterly inadequate to handle the large number of wounded that later came through.

Instructions regarding evacuations were not received from the Corps Surgeon until seven o'clock on the evening of the seventeenth, the attack having been set for the following morning. Orders were at once issued to the Sanitary Train, and the units put in motion, but none of them reached their stations until several hours after the attack had been launched. The road was so congested with troops, artillery, and trains that progress was next to impossible. There were no parallel roads leading to the Front, so that the whole movement had to be carried out over one road, which was correspondingly jammed. As a matter of fact many of the infantry units reached the line only just in time to move forward with the attack.

At 4.35 on the eighteenth the infantry of the three divisions drove forward, taking the enemy completely by surprise, and advancing over ten kilometers in two days. During the course of the advance on the eighteenth and nineteenth the progress was so rapid that the battalion aid stations were constantly having to move, and leave their wounded at collecting points at crossroads or in buildings on the main route. The ambulances, considerably in the rear due to their inability to get up to the troops at the "jump off," reached

these collecting points, at Maison Neuve, Verte Feuille Ferme, Beaurepaire Ferme, Veaucastille, and Vierzy, and evacuated the wounded back to Field Hospital Twenty-Three, which had been set up in a blacksmith shop at Taille Fontaine; and Field Hospital Fifteen which also operated as a sorting station near the crossroads, one and a half kilometers north of Emeville. From these two places they went on back to the French hospitals mentioned above. Field Hospital One was sent to Sery-Magneval, where it cared for the American wounded, until its work was taken over by Evacuation Hospital Five on July twenty-first.

To picture something of the terrific burden thrown on the shoulders of the regimental medical officers through the delay in evacuation caused by the congested road, I am going to quote from an account given me by the acting Regimental Surgeon of the Sixth Marines:

"Vierzy, as I have repeated to you many times, was the darkest day in my whole career at the Front. Having bivouacked in an open field the night of the eighteen–nineteenth, until about four-thirty in the morning, after the very trying day of the initial attack, I accompanied the regiment

afoot about three miles, passing through an area saturated with gas. It was necessary for the whole organization to wear masks, and in the confusion some of the regimental medical staff became separated from the commanding officer. I had to take a very positive stand and, alone, seek out the colonel, which I was successful in doing. (I mention this merely to state my mental anxiety early in the day, prior to going into battle.)

"While at the colonel's P. C. on the Vierzy-Tigny road, just behind a slope, we were observed by enemy airplanes and attracted considerable fire. There were several men killed and wounded in this area, including the colonel of a French regiment of cavalry, which came along the road to take part in the attack with our regiment. The head of the column had just passed me when a shell came over, killed the colonel's horse, fractured his arm, and wounded his orderly. The French cavalry, by the way, rode up into a ravine, dismounted, and prepared to go into the line as infantry.

"Shortly after this, a call came from the Front that the regimental headquarters company was suffering very heavy casualties from high explosive shells in a ravine about a kilometer to the north of

us. I rushed to do what I could for the wounded. The only shelter I could find was a cemetery wall about four feet high, behind which I had the wounded brought that I might apply most meager first aid. It looked, while occupying this place, as though our work might terminate momentarily. The shelling was terrific; fragments of shell chipping out portions of the wall right about us. One hospital corps man and I remained here until we had all the wounded cared for. We successfully got these men into a ravine just in time to avoid a complete wiping out.

"I then went back to headquarters on the road, realizing that our medical supplies were about exhausted, and feeling that it would require a medical officer's services to seek fresh supplies somewhere in the rear. I obtained a side car from the colonel and went to the other end of Vierzy which, at the time, was being heavily bombarded and saturated with gas. I fortunately made this trip successfully bringing up a car full of surgical supplies, and getting in touch with other medical units and divisional representatives, to whom I made known our location and situation.

"I then manned the cave, in which I had established my battalion station, and began caring for

the several hundred wounded that I had there for the greater part of ten hours. There was no evacuation during the entire day until sometime late in the evening. Dressings soon ran out and there was no food. While toiling at this station, and handling about a thousand men, the mental strain was terrific. I could not help appreciating the very serious position that our regiment was in, with the resultant possibilities. And then the responsibility for this great number of officers and men weighed heavily upon me. A number of my best friends in the regiment were lying here wounded during this long period of time, when I felt helpless, and had very little with which to comfort their pain and to satisfy their mental anxiety.

"I was standing at the entrance to the cave, bending over a wounded French soldier, who had just been brought in by French stretcher bearers, when a 210 dropped over the entrance and gutted out a large hole in the road but a few feet in front of me. One stretcher bearer who had turned to get water across the road was torn to pieces. The Frenchman on the stretcher was again wounded; the other stretcher bearer and a French liasion officer, to whom he was talking, were knocked

over; and, miraculously, I was untouched and suffered no ill effects, outside a temporary crushed sensation of my chest, due to the sudden increase of pressure of air produced by the explosion. Of course, stones, dirt, and rock fell all over us; the walls about the entrance were chopped in many places by fragments. Possibly this was one of the narrowest escapes that I have ever had.

"During the night we were gassed quite badly while attempting to load wounded upon ammunition trucks, which I had requested commandeered after nightfall. Under the circumstances it was necessary for the hospital corps men and myself to carry on our work without masks, for it was so dark that we could not see with them on, and were willing to suffer the consequences in order that we might successfully get these poor devils out of this inferno.

"It was during the night sometime that a staff officer came up and criticized the speed with which we were loading these trucks. As I look upon it now, it is one of the amusing incidents, and therefore I shall quote the words:

"'What the hell is the delay in the evacuation?'

"We had been working almost up to our limit

and were well worn, but the evacuation was continuing at a very rapid rate. I stepped up very close to him, recognizing that he was a major while I was a captain.

"'What the hell do you mean?' I asked with considerable emphasis. I suppose my muscles tightened up in preparation for the next move. I told him that if he had any criticism to make of the work, or the way that I was handling this station, I wished that he would go to my colonel and make an official report. He very snarlingly said that he would not stop at my colonel, but would make the report to the commanding general, and was sure that I would hear about it.

"'I hope to God you will,' was my reply.

"The next morning, at daybreak, I remember sitting down on some straw in front of the cave, which had been an enemy dressing station just prior to our advance the day before. I ached, and had muscular cramps like one after swimming. I then remembered that I had not sat down, or even leaned up against anything, for almost twenty hours, and in trying to recall when I had last eaten, remembered somebody handing me a can of tomatoes during the night, which I drank."

With conditions such as have been described at

the Front, there was no great amelioration in the hospitals farther back. As soon as the evacuation from the Front began they became choked with wounded. They had neither sufficient equipment or personnel to handle the large numbers. The same soenes were being enacted in these hospitals on the twentieth as had occurred in the battalion stations during the two preceding days. Large numbers of wounded lay about, many of them in the open, waiting the arrival of hospital trains to take them back to Paris. The French had failed to make suitable provisions to meet this emergency themselves, and had refused to allow us to do so.

Major Lee organized an American annex to the French hospital at Crépy-en-Valois on the twentieth, and, with the aid of some newly arrived American surgeons and Red Cross nurses, was able to clear this hospital of all American wounded by the following night. By that time hospital trains were running with some appearance of regularity, and the conditions in all of the hospitals became very much better. During this offensive the ambulance section had many fewer ambulances than in any other. The Division had just come out of the line, after five weeks of the hardest kind of

fighting, with a certain number of ambulances out of commission and no opportunity for repairs. Also, we had been forced to hand over five ambulances to the division relieving us, so that we entered the fight with only thirty-two serviceable G. M. C. ambulances and no Fords. As a matter of fact, the presence of additional ambulances would not have relieved the situation. It was a case of the world-old sequence; ammunition first, food second, and the wounded man third. One of the deciding blows of the war was being struck; the success of the battle outweighed every other consideration and justified every means.

The inadequate hospitalization in preparation for this attack was thoroughly investigated during the days immediately following, and the responsibility placed squarely upon the Tenth French Army, in view of the fact that the Third American Corps, in which the Division was serving, took part in the offensive solely as observers. Having refused the Division permission to communicate with American Headquarters of the Paris Group and obtain the necessary hospital facilities, they assumed full responsibility for the existing facilities.

The Division was withdrawn on the fourth day and sent back to the area about Nanteuil-le-Ha-

"It was a Case of the World Old Sequence: Ammunition First, Food Second, and the Wounded Man Third"

Drawn by Capt. Harry Townsend, A. E. F.

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douin. The following order was read before all formations the next day:

HEADQUARTERS SECOND DIVISION (REGULARS),
AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES.
FRANCE, July 22, 1918.

GENERAL ORDERS,
No. 46.

1. It is with keen pride that the Division Commander transmits to the command the congratulations and affectionate personal greetings of General Pershing, who visited the Division Headquarters last night. His praise of the gallant work of the Division on the eighteenth and nineteenth is echoed by the French High Command, the Third Corps Commander, American Expeditionary Forces, and in a telegram from the former Division Commander. In spite of two sleepless nights, long marches through rain and mud, and the discomforts of hunger and thirst, the Division attacked, side by side with the gallant Moroccan Division, and maintained itself with credit. You advanced over six miles, captured over three thousand prisoners, eleven batteries of artillery, over a hundred machine guns, minnenwerfers and supplies. The Second Division has sustained the best traditions of the Army and the Marine Corps. The story of your achievements will be told in millions of homes in all Allied lands to-night.

JAMES G. HARBORD
Major-General, National Army.

Official.

The last days of July saw the Division again on the move. When our destination was announced as the area about Nancy, we surmised that our next offensive would be the reduction of the St. Mihiel salient. I went by automobile with my new

chief, Colonel Hanner, who had succeeded Colonel Marrow just before the Soissons drive. We entered the jurisdiction of the Eighth French Army and reported to the Médecin Inspecteur at Tantonville, a small village famous for its beer. There was a superabundance of hospital facilities in the army sector, and we were assigned sections of their large plants at St. Nicholas and Jarville.

The Division lost the services of Major-General Harbord just prior to this move. He had commanded the Marine Brigade all through the fighting of June and early July, and had led the Division in the last great advance, winning the respect, confidence, and affection of every one from staff officer to doughboy. He represented the very highest type of regular army officer, combining great progressiveness with a thorough knowledge of his duties. He left us, amidst universal regret, to fill a position of the greatest responsibility and importance—the command of the Service of Supplies. Major-General John A. Lejeune, of the Marine Corps, took hold where his predecessor had left off, and ample proof of his ability and leadership was to be found in the future successful operations of the Division. He maintained among

officers and men the same high standard of morale that had characterized the earlier history of the Division, and cemented the ties of comradeship and respect between the two infantry brigades.

The first week of August found the division holding the valley of the Moselle at Pont-à-Mousson. Rising above the town, on the west bank of the river, were the battle-scarred slopes of the Bois de Prêtres, the scene of some of the heaviest fighting of the war. From the village of St. Genevieve, on a hilltop close to the Front, the city of Metz could be clearly seen on fine days. Stretching away to the north and east was a country of wooded hills and fertile valleys, in whose fields were soldiers gathering in the harvest.

During the two weeks that we held this front we had the opportunity of giving serious thought to the further development of the combined hospitals for non-transportable wounded. Colonel Hanner, Major Lee, and I held many conferences, in which we discussed both policy and equipment. In the two preceding offensives the surgeons of this hospital had had the assistance of women nurses in the operating room, conditions having been such that it was both safe and practical to utilize their ser-

vices. We were agreed in the belief that nothing takes the place of a woman in the post-operative care of a seriously wounded man. But we felt that we must not become too dependent upon women's help in the operating room and wards of the hospital, as there might very well arise conditions when they would not be available. We therefore decided to utilize the present quiet spell in giving special training to the hospital corps men in the work of assisting in the operating room and care in the wards.

This training turned out to be most valuable, for in the subsequent engagements of the Division this hospital carried on with no outside help, and did most creditable work under very trying conditions. The surgeons had become skilled operators, and it did not take long to train the hospital corps men to fill the positions of instrument passers and assistants, ordinarily held by women. The dental surgeons, regularly attached to the field hospitals, gave the anæsthetic, and in other ways rendered valuable assistance. The equipment of the hospital had been given a great deal of thought, and actual experience had reduced it to a point which enabled its being carried on the truckage of two field hospitals.

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The following table gives the equipment and loads of the different trucks:

TABLE OF LOADS, FIELD HOSPITALS FIFTEEN AND TWENTY-THREE

Truck No. 1—Kitchen, kitchen supplies and rations.
" " 2— " " " " " "
" " 3—Four ward tents and fifty cots.
" " 4— " " " " " " "
" " 5—One Bessoneau tent, four tortoise tents and fifty cots.
" " 6—Medical and surgical supplies.
" " 7—Operating room outfit with five operating tables.
" " 8—X-Ray outfit (later there was a trailer for part of it).
" " 9—Two hundred blankets and twenty-five cots.
" " 10— " " " " " "
" " 11—Extra blankets and supplies.
" " 12—Repairs. Gasoline supply.

The men with their equipments and thirty mattresses were distributed on the loads.

A never-ending topic of discussion between Colonel Hanner, Major Miller, and myself was the sphere of usefulness for the animal-drawn ambulance company. We were agreed that the minimum number of motor ambulances needed with a division was fifty-six, in the proportion of thirty-six large ambulances to twenty Fords. The Ford cars had proven themselves particularly useful for the evacuation between the battalion aid stations and the advanced field hospital. They were too light and rode too roughly for a longer carry. They

were ideal where quick maneuvering was indicated, but were of no use whatsoever in heavy mud.

The ambulances of the animal-drawn company were distributed among the artillery regiments during combat, and used to evacuate the artillery wounded from the battalion stations back to the advanced field hospital. This work could have been just as well and more quickly done by motor ambulances. Their particular sphere of usefulness was on the march, when they were distributed among the infantry regiments, one ambulance following each battalion. I was opposed to doing away with them entirely because of their usefulness on the march, and the possible need for them where roads were impassable for motors. We encountered conditions both in the St. Mihiel and Argonne offensives where this need arose.

On August fifteenth the Division began moving out of the Pont-à-Mousson sector and went back to the French training area about Colombey-les-Belles. Although this last sector had been in every sense of the word *un calme secteur*, yet the Division was much in need of rest, as it had been on the Front continuously, with the exception of two weeks out in May, since the middle of March.

I stopped off at Nancy on my way through to

Colombey-les-Belles, as did everyone who could conjure up a sufficient excuse, successfully arranging our start so that we should reach this charming French city at noon. Luncheon at the Brasserie Liegoise, even in war time, is not to be despised. I do not know whether it was an appetite whetted by six months of living on the army ration that made that filet of sole such a pleasant memory even to-day, but I do know that at the time it represented to me my idea of ambrosia. Only members of the A. E. F. can thoroughly appreciate the delight that we all had in the occasional good meals that came our way.

I shall never forget several days with my sister-in-law, Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt, in Paris. She was doing really remarkable work for the Y. M. C. A., starting hotels and managing leave areas, but she always took splendid care of anyone who turned up at her house. We always arrived unexpectedly and generally at strange hours, but her cook, Augusta, quite undaunted, would shortly appear with a large tray heaped with hot chocolate, chicken, and rice—in fact everything a famished man could desire.

After luncheon I crossed the Place Stanislas, with its beautiful old governmental buildings, and

spent a few pleasant moments with Monsieur Mirman, the valiant Prefect of Meurthe and Moselle. He was very grateful to America for its aid to civil Lorraine, and even at that date was hopeful that American soldiers would soon restore to his people a large section of their territory.

To digress for a moment, I should like to say something about the great generosity shown by the French people themselves in relief work. I saw evidences of it on all sides, not only among the well-to-do class, but also among people of small means who could not well afford what they were doing. I have in mind several peasant families who had adopted children orphaned by the war, and were giving these waifs the same advantages as their own children. A letter from a very good friend tells the story of French generosity:

"The rich, in France, have poured out their money, have kept up hospitals, cared for refugees, for orphans at their own expense, in hundreds of cases without seeking to raise funds or without anyone knowing of it except those directly interested.

"I know of very wealthy people who have reduced their way of living, and deprived, and are still depriving, themselves of their autos in order to

give yet more to the ruined districts, and the poorer ones have contributed their money, their work, their vegetables, clothes, bedding for our refugees or hospitals, which is why some of the local hospitals were run so economically, as the peasants brought so much of the food.

"Our own little village furnished its refugees with what was needed to house them free of cost, and what our own neighbors did thousands did as well."

I stopped in at a little book store, looking for first editions of Daudet and Anatole France. While turning over the dust-covered volumes in the back of the shop, a Frenchwoman and her daughter came in and demanded an American dictionary. They were of the peasant class, the mother large and capable, the daughter true to type. One of the clerks handed her a dictionary, but when she saw the printed word "Anglais" she would have none of it, insisting that she wanted an American dictionary. To her English and American were not at all the same languages. The clerk argued with her but to no avail, and finally, in desperation, appealed to me, who up this point had looked on in silent amusement. It seemed too good to be true. The woman was even a bit skeptical

after I had pronounced my dictum, but finally accepted it.

The name Colombey-les-Belles suggests such loveliness that I was much disappointed to find it an ordinary squalid French village. I found that my feelings were entirely shared by a French *poilu*, who told me that it was once perhaps appropriately called "Colombey-les-Belles-Dames, but that now it should be known as Colombey-les-Belles-Vaches." I told him that I would go even farther, and suggested Colombey-les-Belles-Mouches. My principal recollection of this village is warfare against the flies, which began before breakfast and was resumed before every meal. Outside the dining-room and office windows bordering the main street were large piles of manure, which had bred millions of this pest. It was an uneven contest, and eventually we had to admit ourselves defeated.

The Division was scattered over an area of about one hundred square miles surrounding this village. Every hamlet contained a company or more, and the larger villages a battalion. The men had fairly comfortable billets, and were able to get and keep themselves clean. In the Bois de l'Évêque, up in the northern part of the area, overlooking the Moselle, was a French camp of wooden

barracks which housed a regiment. There were plenty of open, uncultivated fields for drilling and maneuvering.

One Sunday morning a most impressive ceremony took place on the parade ground of the Bois de l'Évêque camp, when fifty-four officers and men were decorated for valor in the July fighting. A company from every regiment and organization of the Division was in line the length of the field. The regimental colors came together from up and down the line, and moved forward to in front of and facing the line of reviewing officers. Then, from the right end of the line, filed the officers and men to be decorated, and faced the reviewing officers in front of the colors. The band played the *Star Spangled Banner* followed by the *Marseillaise*.

During the playing of the latter, anti-aircraft guns opened up on a hostile plane, almost directly overhead. Suddenly, from out of the square of white shrapnel bursts, the machine dropped in great curving volplanes.

"*Le jour de gloire est arrivée!*" blared the horns, as the crippled plane plunged to earth a few kilometers to the north of us.

It was a dramatic side-show and could not have

been better timed, for the band literally played the machine to earth, as the great gathering of men stood rigidly at attention.

Then the corps commander passed down the line, pinning the medal upon each man after his citation had been read. After decoration the officers and men took their places to the left of the reviewing officers, and the troops were ordered to pass in review.

They came by in column of platoons, led by the band of the Seventeenth Field Artillery, with the Ninth and Twenty-third Infantry followed by the Fifth and Sixth Marines. They were a young-looking lot of veterans, these men that had stood before the Hun on the Paris-Metz road. And then, not satisfied with merely holding the hordes of Attila, they had, together with our First Division and the French Foreign Legion, put them to flight on July eighteenth, when they drove the great wedge at Soissons which resulted in the evacuation of the whole of the Rheims-Soissons salient.

As rank upon rank went by, names to be conjured with came to mind. Le Thiolet—Triangle Ferme—Vaux—Bourchesches—Lucy-le-Bocage—Bois-de-Belleau—Vierzy—the last resting places of those who helped to make victory possible and

gave their all in its accomplishment. Their example marched with the men that were left.

During the last week of August we learned that no more leaves were to be granted after September first, and that everyone must be back by that date. This could mean but one thing, that the much talked of St. Mihiel offensive was shortly to take place.

Our preparation for this attack was very thorough, and began, for the divisions actually engaged, with reconnoitering the Front on the first of the month. I was able to get hold of a quantity of Plan Directeur maps from a friend in the air service at Colombey-les-Belles. These are beautiful, large-scale maps, which are kept up to date from frequent aerial photographs and observations. They were of great service in the coming attack, for it was possible to give each medical officer one, and having a standard map simplified and made very clear the interchange of information concerning the location of the various medical stations.

Colonel Hanner, the Division Surgeon, put Lieutenant Pincoffs in charge of the evacuation of one brigade while I was made responsible for that of the other. We had ample opportunity to reconnoiter carefully the terrain and study the map.

Together we went over every foot of our future front and got to know it like a book.

The village of Limey on the road to Metz marked the left boundary of our sector, and was but a few hundred yards back of the jumping-off line. The right boundary was a parallel line to the north, including the ruins of Remenauville, which at that time lay in No Man's Land.

Limey was largely in ruins, but had some well-protected cellars, in one of which we established our advance dressing station and medical supply depot. During the nights preceding that of the attack we carried a large supply of dressings, splints, litters, and blankets to this cellar, and thus had them in the most advantageous position to rush forward as soon as the roads were passable after the attack.

Field Hospital One came up to Noviant, where it occupied some barrack buildings and tents set up under the protection of trees. Field Hospitals Fifteen, Sixteen, and Twenty-three put up their tentage at point 232 on the Noviant-Royaumeix road. All three hospitals were within ten kilometers of our front lines. As our first day's objective was ten kilometers away, it was necessary to place the medical units as far forward as safety permitted.

We anticipated very bad roads in the coming advance, for there was a considerable stretch of No Man's Land in front of us, across which it would be necessary to construct practically new roads, for over this stretch of disputed territory all landmarks had been blotted out. What once had been roads were now shell-pocked trails, cut across at intervals by trenches. And we knew that when the Hun finally withdrew he would mine everything that could be of use to us.

In order to have plenty of animal transportation on hand, in case the roads were impassable to motors, we ordered the medical cart which accompanies each battalion on the march, to report to the Director of Ambulance Companies at Noviant. These twelve carts, together with the animal drawn ambulance company, insured the medical department's being able to traverse No Man's Land as soon as the infantry and the artillery had crossed.

On the night of September eleventh I went forward to Limey with the litter-bearer section of Ambulance Company Twenty-three. It was black night and the road was massed with troops moving forward into position. The darkness was literally impenetrable, and in order to keep together the men joined hands. The few kilometers

that we had to go seemed an interminable journey.

At one o'clock in the morning the artillery preparation started in, and for four hours a terrific fire was maintained. I went forward to the Headquarters of the Twenty-third Infantry shortly before one with some litter bearers, but as the trenches were congested with troops, and as there was no retaliatory fire, I took them back to Limey to await the general advance at 5 A.M.

It was during this night that the driver of a machine-gun cart, while halting before the P.C. of the Fifth Marines in Limey, espied an overcoat hanging on a fence at the entrance to the Headquarters dugout. He conceived the brilliant idea of removing the sleeves and making a pair of pantalets for his beloved mule. The fact that the coat was an officer's, and bore upon the cuffs the resplendent braid decorations of a marine colonel, did not deter him or suggest the consequences of discovery.

With a couple of slashes of his trench knife the sleeves were off, and by means of curses, varied with exhortations, he clothed the anterior members of his faithful charge. As with satisfaction and the aid of the artillery flashes he contemplated his handiwork, he was discovered by an irate junior officer and haled before Colonel Neville for an

explanation. Even the abused colonel found it impossible to deal severely with such an absurd and original crime.

Promptly at 5 A.M. the din and racket of artillery fire increased in volume, and was augmented by the metallic rattling of tanks moving forward. Sixty-three medium and small tanks preceded the infantry, but none of the latter were able to span the wide trenches of the enemy, and some fell into traps purposely laid.

I started forward with fourteen litter bearers to the Headquarters of the Twenty-third Infantry, and then advanced with the reserve battalion. By that time dawn had broken, and we soon left the communicating trench and went forward in the open. The country was rolling, and as we mounted the crest of a hill we could see the supporting battalion moving across the valley at our feet and the attacking battalion silhouetted against the gray dawn on the crest beyond.

A broken-down tank on our right made a good target for the enemy's artillery, and we detoured to the left as clouds of earth were thrown into the air from shells exploding in front and behind it. The air seemed full of French planes flying low and identifying our various lines.

As we moved forward we came upon small groups of wounded who had been brought together to a central collecting point. I dropped off litter bearers at these points as was necessary, with instructions to carry the wounded back to the dressing station at Limey. The wounded became fewer in number the further we advanced. As a matter of fact, the artillery preparation of the night before had put the finishing touches upon a retreat which had been systematically carried out during the past few weeks. Our men went forward against but little opposition and our casualties were proportionately light.

We advanced almost steadily until eleven o'clock, when we were within a couple of kilometers of Thiaucourt. From here I returned to Limey in order to bring up ambulances. As I drew near to the village that I had left but a few hours before I was amazed by the signs of activity. The ribbon of road that wound its way across No Man's Land had at least one workman to every square foot of its length. The Second Engineers were bossing the job and doing most of it, with the aid of hundreds of prisoners.

Great craters caused by the enemy's mines were being filled in. Thousands of shovels were at work.

Culverts were being rebuilt. A tank, standing on its end in a trap into which it had fallen, was being set on an even keel again. Trenches were filled in or bridged over. And even at this early date a passable road was beginning to take shape. It was a gigantic task, accomplished in no time. As the workmen moved forward they left a road behind them where nothing had existed before.

I was much amused at hearing later from Colonel Rhea, the Chief of Staff, what his contribution to this working force had been. A number of officers had arrived at Headquarters that morning to observe the offensive. Among them were a number of French liaison officers. Their conception of observing was hanging round his very small dugout office, getting in everybody's way in their attempt to hear messages coming back from the front. In desperation he conceived the brilliant idea of packing them all out to help in the construction of the road.

I have seen a good many fine, hard-working organizations, but never anything surpassing the Second Engineers. From Colonel Mitchell down they were a thoroughbred outfit. Whether they were building a road across No Man's Land or throwing a bridge over a river in the face of heavy

fire, they did their job with one hundred per cent. efficiency, and they did it with a smile.

At the dressing station at Limey I collected three ambulances, filled them with food and medical supplies, and started forward again. It was slow going over this road still under construction. The ruins of what had once been the village of Remenauville afforded stone to fill up the big craters in the course of the road. Long lines of prisoners plied back and forth, each carrying a rock which was rolled down into the gaping excavation. As soon as there was sufficient footing at the bottom the ambulances plunged down into these chasms, and were greeted with cheers as with difficulty they mounted the opposite incline.

Thus we crawled along and finally gained the undamaged road the other side of No Man's Land. These three ambulances were the first motor transportation to cross this road, finally accomplishing it about four o'clock in the afternoon. In another half hour we pulled into Thiaucourt.

Lieutenant Meyers of Ambulance Company Twenty-three had already established a dressing station there, which contained the few casualties that we had suffered entering the village.

The streets were lined with the rejoicing inhabi-

tants, their four years of bondage over. French Lorraine was restored. They wrung our hands with tears streaming down their cheeks, even the little children seeming to realize what it meant.

We were ravenously hungry as we had had nothing to eat since the evening before, so after caring for the few wounded, we asked a Frenchwoman opposite the dressing station if she could give us supper.

That was in a way the most dramatic supper party I have ever attended, every detail of it was so symbolic of grateful deliverance from the invading Hun. The hostess, Mille. Gerard, was a woman of about forty, with very strong, honest features. Her father was a fine-looking old fellow of seventy, a veteran of the Franco-Prussian War. There was an emotionally garrulous old woman, a refugee from some other village, who wept over the stewing rabbit on the stove. The mother of the hostess had died a year ago, according to the daughter, as a direct result of rough handling by the invader.

We were given speckless white napkins, used then for the first time in four years. Our hostess absented herself for a few minutes and reappeared

in her best Sunday waist and a white apron. She unearthed some glasses that had for long been put away, and some wine which had been hidden from the Hun. We drank to La Belle France, and to the deliverance of the pleasant land of Lorraine.

Then the neighbors, one by one, came in and welcomed us. One dear little old lady, who had put on for the occasion her black satin dress and a poke bonnet, curtsied at the door. She was much perturbed at the possibility of an enemy counter attack and their return. We did our best to reassure her.

Our other visitors told us much about the Hun, especially how they had expected this attack and had begun moving out weeks before. The French were particularly overjoyed that we had come when we had, for the enemy had planned to deport a large number of the boys and young men in a week's time. The next day we evacuated every single inhabitant, for as was to be expected the village came under shell fire.

Our infantry had gone out to the northeast of Thiaucourt and engaged the enemy on the Jaulny-Xammes ridge. Our objective was a corner of the Hindenburg Line at Mont Repos Ferme. In the course of the next few days the casualties would

probably be much heavier than they had been this first day. We had moved ten kilometers away from our hospitals, and a portion of the road separating us from them was extremely poor, so we decided to bring the whole sanitary train to Thiaucourt, even though it was but six kilometers from our front lines.

On the morning of the fourteenth three field hospitals and ambulance companies pulled into Thiaucourt, having been on the road all night. The hospital for non-transportable wounded was immediately set up in a deep, well-vaulted cellar, carefully selected for the purpose, where even the sound of shells exploding on the surface could not be heard.

During the three days that the hospital operated in this asylum the village was heavily shelled and in large part destroyed. There was no interruption to the work, and day and night the operating went on. Lives were saved where evacuation back to the nearest hospital at Toul would have proven fatal. The most satisfactory features of this hospital's situation were its proximity to the troops and the fact that here the wounded were subject to no danger.

Between the fourteenth and sixteenth, fourteen

patients were operated upon in this cellar, with the following results:

TYPE	NUMBER		DIED
Chest (sucking)	1		1
" "	1	(not operated upon)	
Multiple wounds	1		
" "	1		1
Abdomen			
Liver	3		
Pancreas	1		
Small intestine, colon, and liver	1		1
Small intestine, colon, and cæcum	1		
Small intestine and thigh	1		1
Exploratory laparotomy	1	(negative findings)	
Thigh			
Fracture	1	(femoral vein severed)	1
Soft parts	1		
Hand	1		
Skull	1		1
Scapula	1		
"	1		
Total	17		6

Mortality—35%.

The post-operative cases when evacuated were all in good condition. While this hospital was at Point 232 on the Noviant-Royaumeix road, three patients were operated upon, one of them an ab-

dominal case. All three were doing well when the hospital moved forward.

The only casualties suffered by the medical department in Thiaucourt were a sergeant of one of the ambulance companies killed, and a medical officer slightly wounded.

On the fifteenth the Sixth Marines advanced and obtained a foothold on the Hindenburg Line at Mont Repos Ferme. I went forward with twenty-six litter bearers in the morning and established a dressing station and ambulance head under a culvert on the road running north from Xammes. Although the road down to the culvert was in plain view of the enemy's gunners, the ambulances ran the gauntlet of the heavy shelling with no more mishap than a few holes in their canvas side curtains.

On the northern side of the culvert was an infantry ammunition dump discovered for us by a hostile plane, which flew low and played its machine gun upon it. As this made the culvert an undesirable refuge, we moved back to a dugout, but lately used by the enemy, in the side of an adjoining hill. The dugouts in this region were beautifully constructed and showed fine masonry, being indeed a part of the defenses of the Hindenburg Line.

Major Boone, the regimental surgeon of the Sixth Marines, joined me at this point, and together we reconnoitered our front and arranged for litter-bearer relays. He had just been out in advance of our front line and had been instrumental in bringing in some wounded. By having the ambulance head so close to our front line it was possible to get the wounded back from the culvert station to Thiaucourt in about fifteen minutes.

The next day the Division was relieved by the Seventy-eighth Division and withdrawn to the area about Manonville, which we had occupied just previous to the attack. Several days later we were moved back to the region about Toul.

At this time I received an order assigning me to duty with the First Corps. I did not in the least want the assignment, which would take me away from an organization with which I had served for nearly a year. I told two of the corps consultants, who had been responsible for this new assignment, that the Division was the unit that did things, fought and won battles, and that corps had no attraction for me, and that as long as I was young and tough and strong I would stay with a division.

CHAPTER V

OWING TO ITS WORLD-WIDE REPUTATION

To set the Cause above renown,
  To love the game beyond the prize,
To honor, while you strike him down,
  The foe that comes with fearless eyes;
To count the life of battle good,
  And dear the land that gave you birth,
And dearer yet the brotherhood
  That binds the brave of all the earth.
—*Henry Newbolt.*

ON September twenty-second, I received an order making me Division Surgeon, and at the same time my former chief, Colonel Hanner, was ordered to the Fourth Corps as Chief Surgeon. I was sorry to lose so good a chief and pleasant a companion, but correspondingly pleased at having the opportunity to carry out some of the ideas to which I had given long thought.

My first concern was the obtaining of an assistant. I chose one of the most valiant men I have ever known, Lieutenant-Commander Joel T. Boone, at that time Regimental Surgeon of the Sixth Regiment, Marines. His work with his regiment had been of a high order of excellence, and he had been recommended on several occasions both for the

Croix de Guerre and Distinguished Service Cross. No one ever had a better associate. A descendant of Daniel Boone, he was a slightly-built, fine-featured chap, with deep-set, piercing eyes, that looked at you squarely. He had seen service with the Marines in Haiti before coming to France. He fulfilled my every hope, and his able assistance, coupled with his enthusiasm and indomitable spirit, helped make possible the successful operation of the medical department in the last two engagements of the Division.

We were at this time in a rest area about Toul, with Division Headquarters in the town itself. The office of the Division Surgeon was in a building shared with the Surgeon of the Twenty-second French Corps, General Bilouet. We had been in his corps when holding the Pont-a-Mousson sector. I was much amused by him at the time, for he so personified the ups and downs of the French temperament. As a result of the loss of twenty thousand hospital beds in the May offensive, the French decided to play very safe, and they began pulling their hospitals way back all along their front. General Bilouet had interpreted the order perhaps even more literally than the most pessimistic. On two occasions he pulled buildings

down from over our heads, while our troops were still some distance back of the front lines.

I called a meeting of the regimental surgeons of the Division and the ambulance company officers and reviewed with them the work we had done in the evacuation of the forward area, the lessons that we had learned, and the improvements which I proposed instituting. The great fault in the past had been lack of proper liaison between the ambulance companies and the troops they were serving. I proposed correcting this by assigning an ambulance company to each regiment, and having the litter-bearer section of the company accompany it into action and maintain liaison between the troops and the motor section.

I appointed Lieutenant Pincoffs Divisional Litter-Bearer Officer, with the duties of coördinating the work of the litter bearers, seeing that proper liaison was maintained between successive battalion stations in an advance, and keeping the Director of Ambulance Companies informed as to the need of ambulances at the various stations. Experience proved these duties too many for one man, so that the responsibility was limited to one brigade and Major Boone (even the naval officers used the line titles and wore the marine uniforms)

was put in charge of this work in the Fourth Brigade, while Lieutenant Pincoffs handled it in the Third Brigade. These two men did perfectly splendid work in the fighting that was before us. They inspired everyone about them with their utter fearlessness and devotion to duty, doing more than their part in maintaining the high morale of our troops in the difficult fighting on Blanc Mont Ridge.

September twenty-fifth saw the division again on the move. Our orders were to report to the Fourth French Army, whose headquarters were at Châlons. The troop movement was accomplished by rail, while motor transportation went across country by way of Ligny-sur-Marne, St. Dizier, Vitry le François, to the villages about Mairy-sur-Marne, just south of Châlons. I left Toul early in the morning by automobile, taking Boone and Leith with me, reaching Division Headquarters at Mairy-sur-Marne in the middle of the afternoon.

I went at once to St. Mennie, a suburb of Châlons, and reported at the Fourth Bureau of the Fourth French Army. There I found Major de Chardenal, the medical representative on the army staff, who gave me the information upon which I could act in obtaining those medical units to which a division in combat is entitled.

I telegraphed immediately to Colonel Wadhams, the very capable representative of the medical department on the General Staff at Chaumont, requesting that two evacuation hospitals and a corresponding number of evacuating ambulance companies be sent at once for the use of the Division.

The next few days were busily occupied in reconnoitering the French hospital facilties back of the front and deciding on sites for the two evacuation hospitals that would serve the Division. The French naturally showed an unwillingness to give over in its entirety a hospital unit which was being operated by their personnel. Experience had taught us in similar operations with the French that the best results were obtained by placing one of our evacuation hospitals under its own canvas, alongside a corresponding French unit, and sharing with them their railroad evacuation facilities. After visiting the four French hospitals at La Veuve, Mont Frenet, Bussy le Château and Auve, I decided with Major Riley, who represented our G. H. Q., to locate the hospitals at the two first-named places.

A good part of my time during these days of preparation was spent in Châlons at the headquarters of the French army. It was difficult to obtain from them specific directions as to what

sector of the Front we would hold, although it was reasonable to suppose that to our Division would be assigned the most difficult objective in the coming attack.

Rising from the valley in which once existed the village of Somme-Py, and effectively barring the French advance at this point, is Blanc Mont Ridge, a height of land which commanded all points to the south, and at that time was strongly held by the Hun. Presumptive evidence pointed toward the Second Division's having been called to this front to crack this particularly hard nut.

Failing to obtain any corroborating advice on the subject, I went ahead and laid my plans on this presumption, which turned out to be quite correct. Just south of Suippes at Miomandre, on the Suippes-Châlons road, was an old French hospital emplacement, with the cement floors, water fixtures and electrical wiring still in place. I decided at once to put all four field hospitals here. This site had the two great advantages of a good water supply and of being practically on the main road of evacuation.

The question that worried me most in preparation for the coming attack was that of medical supplies. Here we were working independently with the French, and with only those supplies that

we had been able to carry across country with us. To be sure, the evacuation hospitals when they arrived, would each have a medical supply depot with them, but they would not have in sufficient quantity those things that we most needed. Experience had taught me that a division should not enter combat, where heavy casualties are to be expected, without five thousand blankets and between fifteen hundred and two thousand litters. These are two articles which cannot be improvised, at least in large numbers; and they normally gravitate to the rear without being evenly replaced.

I immediately asked the Red Cross storehouse at Châlons to stock up with blankets, and sent trucks to the nearest American supply depots to collect as many litters as could be spared. It was well that these provisions were made, for during the coming attack we used up all we had of both these articles.

On one of my visits to Army Headquarters at Châlons during these days of preparation I found a large crowd of French civilians and officers in the street before the building. I learned that Generals Pétain and Gouraud were shortly to appear in order to review a batch of three thousand prisoners. Gouraud, the Lion, was idolized by the French. He was the wonderful one-armed General

who sent such inspiring messages to his troops before combat. He had been wounded five times, and at the beginning of the war was the youngest of all the French generals. Preceded and flanked by a cavalry guard, down the street came the closely ranked column of Huns. At fifteen paces from where the two generals stood a sharp order was given by each platoon commander, and the platoon executed eyes left and broke into the goose step, maintaining it until well by the reviewing officers, who formally acknowledged the salute of each succeeding platoon.

I was much amused by this grotesque custom of Prussian militarism, and equally impressed by the excellent discipline. The prisoners were caked from head to foot with the white Champagne mud, but in spite of their bedraggled appearance they seemed entirely reconciled to their fate. The majority of them were young, although there were a good many who were at least forty-five or fifty.

Just after the four field hospitals had broken out their tentage at Miomandre, the Hun fired some ranging shots over the position. I was there at the time and did not feel convinced that these shots were meant for the hospitals, as the bursts were all beyond. Nevertheless, shortly afterwards,

I received a message to go to the Chief of Staff, who had received an excited message from the French Corps Headquarters, stating that the hospitals had been ranged upon and an early bombardment might be expected. I told my Chief of Staff what had occurred and persuaded him to let the hospitals remain. They were never fired upon. What probably happened was that an enemy balloon was attracted by the unusual brown color of our tents, as those used by the French were a light green, and reported the same. Later observations must have convinced them that the tents belonged to a hospital.

The next day the two evacuation hospitals arrived, and by night were set up and ready to receive patients. Late that afternoon I made a round of all the medical units, and felt satisfied that the medical department was ready for any call that might be made upon it.

That night the following order was issued from headquarters:

HEADQUARTERS SECOND DIVISION (REGULARS),
AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES,
France, Oct. 1st, 1918.

ORDER:

1. The greatest battles of the war are now being fought. The Allies are attacking successfully on all fronts. The valiant Bel-

gian army has surprised and defeated the enemy in Flanders; the English, who had been attacking the enemy without ceasing since August eighth, have advanced beyond the Hindenburg Line, between Cambrai and St. Quentin, capturing thousands of prisoners and hundreds of guns; the heroic Allied army of the Orient has decisively defeated the Bulgars; the British have captured over fifty thousand prisoners in Palestine, and have inflicted a mortal blow on the Turk; and our own First Army and the Fourth French Army have already gained much success in the preliminary stages of their attack between the Meuse and Suippes Rivers.

2. Owing to its world-wide reputation for skill and valor, the Second Division was selected by the Commander in Chief of the Allied armies as his special reserve, and has been held in readiness to strike a swift and powerful blow at the vital point of the enemy's line. The hour to move forward has come, and I am confident that our division will pierce the enemy's line, and once more gloriously defeat the Hun.

JOHN A. LEJEUNE,
Major-General, U. S. M. C., Commanding.

Official.

During the night our infantry took over the front-line trenches to the south of Somme-Py from the French, and our artillery occupied positions in the open close behind them. Division Headquarters moved up to a trench system just south of Navarin Ferme, where I shared a dugout with Colonel Hugh Matthews, our G. 1, and my assistant Boone, and got a few hours' sleep. Before dawn, Boone and I went forward to the brow of the hill on which Navarin Ferme once existed.

At 5.45 sharp our artillery, reinforced by the French, broke loose. The darkness was illumi-

nated by countless flashes. From the foreshortening obtained by the slope of the hill, it looked as if the guns could be only fifty feet apart in width and depth. The air fairly pulsated with the continuous roar. Intermittently could be heard above the ear splitting crack of the 75's and the deeper report of the 150's, the hissing rush and explosion of an arriving shell, followed by a mountain of dust thrown into the air. For five minutes this barrage played unremittingly upon the enemy's front-line trenches, then lifted and moved forward at the rate of our infantry's advance.

As the first gray of dawn appeared, I could make out some of the medium-sized French tanks climbing the steep slopes of Blanc Mont Ridge and spitting fire as they went. The small tanks, as usual, got no distance, and because of their drawing fire, were in many instances a menace rather than a help to the infantry.

As Boone and I went forward, following the support battalion, we met some of the wounded of the Sixth Regiment and directed them to the dressing station at ambulance head on the road just south of Somme-Py. They came by in single file; a badly wounded man resting on a stretcher supported on the shoulders of four prisoners;

another man wounded in the leg had his arm about the shoulder of a companion, with a flesh wound of the arm; several with slight wounds of the extremities brought up the tail of the procession. I stopped one of them and asked him how he had received his wound.

"I got mine, sir, because those d——d 'Frogs' never came up on our left, and we ran into a cross fire. It's a habit with 'em. They're never there when you need their support."

I quote this remark as an example of the doughboy's attitude toward the *poilu*. He had lost confidence in him because of his failure on several occasions to render much-needed support. Johnny Crapaud, to be sure, was used to different methods of fighting from those employed by our men. When things got to be too hot on his particular front, he was apt to withdraw. Then, quite unexpectedly to both friend and foe, he would launch a whirlwind attack, and win back not only what he had just lost, but considerably more besides. Our men never gave up what they had once won, and often held on under the most gruelling kind of punishment. These differences in fighting qualities were due to the difference in temperament, and led to a consequent misunderstanding.

As we got nearer to Somme-Py, the enemy's counter-battery work became more active, and they began shelling the roads to prevent our bringing up reinforcements.

Through Somme-Py ran a level stretch of ground that had once been the railroad emplacement. On the near side of this was an enemy trench, occupied at the time we reached the village by the First Battalion of the Sixth Marines. They were chafing at the delay, crazy to advance.

As we stood there, several shells in quick succession broke upon the emplacement, just in front of them. Amidst long-drawn shouts of "Let's go-o! Let's go-o!" the battalion was ordered forward, and with a rush the men surged over the embankment, and were lost to view in the dust and smoke caused by the explosions.

The enemy artillery was now registering with accuracy upon the cross roads at the southern entrance to Somme-Py and upon the bridges that carried the bifurcated road out to the north. In anticipation of this I had established a dressing station on the main road a kilometer south of the village, and given instructions that this station should remain ambulance head until the traversibility of the bridges at the northern end of the

village was insured. As we had expected, one of these bridges had been blown up by the enemy as he withdrew, but in the morning it was sufficiently repaired to permit artillery and ambulances crossing it.

The dressing station was in a dugout to the side of the road, but thanks to the protection offered by the avenue of trees that stretched northward, it was not necessary to make use of this, and the dressings were for the most part done in the open, and the wounded placed at once in the waiting ambulances.

From here back the road climbed the face of the hill on which Navarin Ferme had once been situated. During the first hours of the attack this exposed stretch of road was so heavily shelled that ambulances could not cross it, and it was necessary to interpose here a stretcher-bearer relay. They carried the wounded up over the hill to a point on its southern slope, to which ambulances could safely be brought. From there it took the Fords only twenty minutes to get back to the main dressing station at Souain.

From the heavy pounding it had received during four years of trench warfare, there was nothing left standing of the village of Souain. The French

had constructed here a most complete subterranean hospital, and this we shared with them, supplementing the hospital proper with two Besson-eau tents, which served as a refuge for the slightly wounded.

It was here that the Y. M. C. A. gave us splendid support. The two women workers assigned to our division, Miss Henthorpe and Miss Davis, were always on their job, and the cups of hot chocolate they served kept an even tally with the division's casualties. Later they came forward with the field hospital to Somme-Py and remained continuously on duty through the trying week in that village.

We suffered about eight hundred casualties during this first day's fighting, but captured two thousand prisoners, and by nightfall the infantry had stormed and were holding the ridge.

The next day saw the heaviest kind of fighting, which resulted in the infantry establishing itself securely on Blanc Mont Ridge and capturing Medeah Ferme. The Hun was fighting with desperation, but he had met more than his match, and could not stand before the terrific attacks of the marine regiment on the left and the infantry regiment on the right. The French on our right

and left had failed to advance on even terms with us, and as a result our Front was being subjected to a costly enfilading fire.

Between eight o'clock the morning of the third and the same hour the next day, twelve hundred casualties passed through the dressing station at Souain. I stopped in there at noon to see that things were moving smoothly. The Ford ambulances returning from the Front unloaded at the entrance of the underground hospital. The orderly replaced his three litters from a pile standing at one side of the entrance, jumped in beside the driver, and the car was off to the Front again.

The G. M. C. ambulances that were used to take the wounded to the rear were standing in column across the road, waiting to pull up to the entrance when their load was ready.

Captain Meacham, the Director of Ambulance Companies, met me at the door.

"Major, we are doing a rushing, land-office business," was his reply to my query as to how things were going.

For the first time in the experience of either of us, we had enough ambulances to properly handle the evacuation. He was satisfied, and I had only to look at the line of cars parked at either side of

the door to share his satisfaction, and to see that the evacuation was running like clockwork, and to know that the brave fellows who were doing such heroic work on the slope of Blanc Mont Ridge were getting the best support that it was possible to give.

That night Field Hospital One took over the underground hospital at Souain, relieving the personnel of Ambulance Company Sixteen, who went forward and joined forces with Number Fifteen in running the dressing station at Somme-Py. At the same time an advance dressing station was established in a deep enemy dugout on the St. Étienne-Somme-Py road.

The Ford ambulances were going directly to the battalion stations on Blanc Mont Ridge, making their runs over exposed roads that were under fire both day and night.

On October fourth, in order to shorten the run of the Ford ambulances, and thereby hasten the evacuation from the field, I moved Field Hospital One up to Somme-Py. The stretch of road between Somme-Py and Souain, in spite of the hard work done upon it by our engineers during the past four days, was still very rough. This section of road represented the No Man's Land of the

past four years. The enemy, in withdrawing, had mined it in several places on the crest of the ridge, which separated the two villages, and extensive detours had to be made around the resulting craters. The practically new road which had to be constructed was necessarily narrow and correspondingly congested. By putting the larger and more easy riding G. M. C. ambulances over this segment of the evacuation, the comfort of the wounded was much increased.

With Field Hospital One at Somme-Py, it was possible to suppress the station at Souain, and to evacuate the wounded directly back to Field Hospitals Fifteen and Twenty-three, at Miomandre, and to Evacuation Hospital Three at Mont Frenet. The road from Souain to the rear, and the roads from the front to Somme-Py, were in excellent condition.

Field Hospital One set up its tents in column along the site of the former railroad emplacement. Water was accessible, and the main road of evacuation to the rear was but a few hundred feet to the west. About a hundred yards to the south of this site was a road intersection, which later turned out to be a much too popular target for the enemy's artillery.

One was literally between the devil and the deep sea in selecting a hospital site in this particular sector. Water could only be had in the villages. This had to be drawn by pail or pump from partially caved-in wells, and collected in water wagons, from which it was distributed to the hospitals. But a short distance from the main macadamed road the mud was impassable—through it neither trucks nor ambulances could pass. So it was necessary to ignore the obvious dangers and stick to the villages and main road.

The next day I decided to bring the hospital for non-transportable wounded also to Somme-Py, being much influenced in this decision by the very poor condition of the road to the south of the village. The seriously wounded were not standing this stage of their evacuation well, often leaving Field Hospital One in fairly good condition and arriving at Field Hospital Fifteen in a condition of shock, thanks to the rough and jarring ambulance ride.

Up to this time Field Hospitals Fifteen and Twenty-three had operated upon one hundred cases. At twelve noon they ceased work, upon receiving orders to move, knocked down their tentage, moved to Somme-Py, where they were set

up and operating at eight o'clock that night. They left at Miomandre sufficient personnel and tentage to care for those patients that were still hospitalized.

With this change in location of the field hospitals, the evacuation was vastly improved. The Ford ambulances had but a fifteen-minute run back to Somme-Py, with the result that the wounded were brought back from the battlefield in a surprisingly short space of time. With seventy ambulances at our disposition, there was practically no delay at Field Hospital One, and the wounded promptly resumed their journey back to the evacuation hospital. Field Hospital Fifteen received the seriously wounded while still in operable condition, and did some excellent work in spite of the trying conditions under which it was performed.

Major Boone and Lieutenant Pincoffs were directly responsible for the speed with which the wounded were picked up and removed from the field. I am going to quote from a description of Major Boone's showing the kind of hazardous work that these two officers did:

"The night before one brigade of the Thirty-sixth Division made its attack from Blanc Mont

Ridge toward St. Étienne and the ridge to the east of that town, Pincoffs went out to familiarize himself with the terrain and the possibilities for dressing stations in event of a successful advance the following day. He worked his way out to a clump of trees and located some of our wounded. I believe that this was right on our front line, or even beyond it. At any rate, he got these men back successfully.

"The next day, sometime during the morning, he and I followed the attack of this one brigade, taking up ambulances as close as it seemed safe for them to go, in an effort to expedite the evacuation of the wounded. We had both been over most of the ground to the west of the Somme-Py-St. Étienne road, and had things pretty well organized on that side.

"We then went over to the east of the road, where our Third Brigade was supporting one regiment of the Thirty-sixth Division. We worked our way well out to the rear of the attacking battalions, until we could see—in a hollow to the east of St. Étienne and not so very far from the cemetery—a clump of trees from which Pincoffs had so successfully removed a number of wounded the night before.

"He seemed to feel that there were some wounded still down there, and particularly in view of the fact that this regiment was attacking in that vicinity. Pincoffs said that he knew the terrain and felt it would not be wise for more than himself to cross over an open space necessary to traverse to reach the woods.

"Presently, or after some little time, I saw Pincoffs and two stretcher bearers pushing a wheel litter. As this field was on a slope facing a ridge held by the enemy, I immediately appreciated the hazardous undertaking initiated by Pincoffs, but knew that he must have felt justified in taking the risks of crossing that open space because of some very definite reasons.

"When they got midway up the hill, I saw that they were having difficulty in wheeling the patient. Even though I had been twice fired at a few minutes before when standing up to look for Pincoffs, I was so inspired by his undertaking that I walked out into the field—a distance of two or three hundred yards—where I met him and the litter bearers, and helped them get the patient up over the hill. We were not fired on—why, I cannot state—until we got the patient well up over the hill.

"I learned later that Pincoffs took these chances

because the attacking regiment was apparently not able to hold its position and was dropping back. He was afraid that this poor wounded man, as well as some others who were able to follow him out, would have been left in front of our lines. Later events proved that this would have been the case.

"I want to tell you of another experience of Pincoffs, which happened, as I remember, the same day. He ordered an ambulance to go towards St. Étienne from our ambulance head. The ambulance driver was reluctant to go because of some previous order from his Second Lieutenant, which was based, as I understand, on his doubt as to the advisability of sending the cars that far forward. Pincoffs got on the ambulance and drove it off himself.

"When he got near the cross roads on top of Blanc Mont Ridge, or even some distance forward of that point, the old enemy camouflage, suspended across the road, caught on the top of his car. The enemy's batteries were shelling the road in the vicinity very heavily at the time, and an observation balloon had, no doubt, made the presence of the car well known to the enemy.

"Pincoffs recognized this, but climbed up on the

roof of the car, cut away the camouflage, and proceeded to drive toward our front line. He was called to by the men in their fox holes on either side of the road, who thought that he did not appreciate the chances he was taking.

"Pincoffs was well aware of the danger about him; but you and I know Pincoffs and can see him, apparently very carelessly and nonchalantly, disengaging the camouflage, and then proceeding to his objective. This whole incident appears to me as typifying Pincoffs whenever carrying out a mission."

A report from the surgeons of the First Battalion, Fifth Regiment of Marines, Lieutenants Dickerson and McLendon, tells the story of the difficulties under which a medical officer worked during these days.

"On the morning of October fourth, we again followed the advance and established our dressing station in a small forest about one half of a kilometer beyond the summit of Blanc Mont. Here we were within range of the machine-gun snipers and under constant shelling.

"Hardly had we gotten settled before the wounded started to appear. Not now and then, but in a steady stream, increasing as the day wore

on, and filling the shack which we had chosen for our dressing station.

"Out in the open, exposed to machine-gun and shell fire, lay many wounded, who were being dressed by medical officers and hospital corps men. The ambulance stretcher bearers bore them to the ambulances on the main road, sticking to their job with superhuman tenacity, and utterly disregarding the heavy shelling.

"Our dressing station consisted of a small shack with a room about 15 x 15 in front and a narrow passage to two small rooms in the rear. All openings were camouflaged from light by blankets.

"About midnight the fourth of October a shell struck the station and exploded in one of the small rooms in the rear, killing two hospital corps men and two patients, wounding several other corps men, and re-wounding many patients who had been dressed and placed in these rooms awaiting evacuation.

"The concussion of the shell knocked our camouflage down and blew out our candles, so that for a time we had to take care of the wounded groping in the darkness. Owing to our advanced position, supplies had to be brought to us by sackfulls, borne by individuals. As our supply of dressings

and splints became exhausted, word was sent back, and men of the ambulance companies, including a lieutenant, made several trips up to us, bringing supplies."

On the night of the sixth, the Twenty-third Infantry and a battalion of each of the other three regiments were relieved by the Seventy-first Brigade of the Thirty-sixth Division. This Brigade had not heard a rifle fired except on the target range, and had never heard the sound of a bursting shell. They were destined to experience a gruelling baptism of fire, making their debut in one of the most stubborn battles of the war. These Texans acquitted themselves with great glory. As they went up the road that night a shell struck the column and practically wiped out the medical detachment of one regiment. Coming direct from the plains of Texas to this scene of carnage would have shaken less resolute men.

Early on the morning of October eighth a battalion from each of our regiments, together with a battalion from each regiment of the Seventy-first Brigade, attacked all along our Front. Simultaneously the Huns began shelling our back area, and particularly Somme-Py. The target was unquestionably the cross roads just south of the

village, but many of the shells fell short, and a few struck among the tents of Field Hospital Twenty-three. One shell, fortunately a dud, passed through the roof of a tent, from which wounded were being evacuated. Several other shells, all of them duds, landed in among the group of tents, causing no casualties.

As soon as the bombardment commenced I went over at once to the hospital and ordered its complete evacuation. In twenty minutes' time the hospital was empty and the bombardment had ceased. At ten o'clock patients were again received and operating recommenced. Toward the middle of the afternoon shelling of the cross roads again started up, and I ordered the complete and permanent evacuation of the hospital, sending the personnel back to the rear echelon at Miomandre.

This hospital was operated for a period of eighty-eight hours while at Somme-Py, between October fifth and eighth. During this time thirty-five patients were operated upon, of which four died, making a mortality of 11%. Back at Miomandre, between October second and fifth, eighty-seven operations were performed, with twenty-one deaths, giving a mortality of 24%. The mortality in abdominal operations was 87%. This high mor-

tality was due to the large number of seriously wounded and to the fact that the evacuation was so rapid that many patients reached this hospital who ordinarily would have been found dead on the field or would have died in the advanced hospital.

Field Hospital One was an extremely busy place all through the day and night of the eighth. During these twenty-four hours fourteen hundred wounded were passed through this hospital.

It was a very worrying day, for with the intermittent shelling that continued through that time I greatly feared that one of the tents filled with wounded might at any time receive a direct hit. I breathed much more easily when, late at night, the rush ended without a single casualty having occurred.

Early the next morning wounded began coming in. As the day advanced the numbers increased, and additional tentage had to be put up to temporarily house them while they were fed, dressings and splints adjusted, and A. T. S. administered.

As the Ford ambulances came rolling in from the front, they drew up before an alley-way between two tents, set end to end. Here stood the admitting officer, who roughly sorted the lying and walking wounded. The former were carried directly

to a well-heated double Marquise tent, while the latter entered an adjoining ward tent. After receiving treatment and food the wounded were passed out of the farther end of each tent, in the one case to be loaded upon waiting G. M. C. ambulances and in the other upon trucks. Evacuation officers superintended the loading of the patients and saw to it that each wounded man was well wrapped up.

In the tent for seriously wounded Major Lee, the Consulting Surgeon, selected those patients that required immediate operation, and these were rolled by wheel litter to the surgical hospital about one hundred yards away.

As the Ford ambulances pulled out from the hospital, having deposited their loads, they stopped before a tortoise tent down the line. Here was the advance medical supply depot, kept well stocked with blankets, litters and dressings. Each car took back with it to the particular battalion station it was serving those supplies that were needed.

At about dusk the Huns counter attacked and pushed our left flank, held by the One Hundred and Forty-Second Regiment, back about a kilometer. The units of this regiment had advanced with such zeal that they had not proper contact,

and became badly disorganized when the enemy attacked back of St. Étienne.

My assistant, Boone, who had been gassed during the morning fighting and forced to come back to Somme-Py, returned to the lines in the afternoon, and was of great service to a thoroughly disorganized battalion near St. Étienne. He took several ambulances to a forward position, and was able to get a number of wounded back, during a heavy gas bombardment, who otherwise would have suffered fatal effects. Together with Pincoffs he endeavored to rally the retreating elements of the regiment. They succeeded in getting the battalion commander in touch with battalion commanders of the Sixth Regiment, who established new front lines for them.

On the night of October ninth, the Division was completely relieved by the Thirty-sixth Division, and went back to the area about Suippes. Two days later appeared the following orders:

OFFICE OF DIVISION SURGEON, SECOND DIVISION,

FRANCE, 11 October, 1918.

TO THE OFFICERS AND MEN OF THE MEDICAL DEPARTMENT, SECOND DIVISION:

The work of the Medical Department of the Second Division during the past week of heavy fighting has been most excellent.

The Field Hospitals, though called upon to function in particularly exposed positions, performed their duty, both officers and men, with devotion and without hesitation.

The Brigade Directors, Ambulance Company, litter bearers, officers and men maintained better liaison with the infantry than ever before, and evacuated the wounded from the forward area, under trying conditions, with promptness and enthusiasm.

The regimental medical officers and their detachments operated their necessarily exposed stations, and cleared the field with their habitual devotion to duty.

The work of the officers and men of S. S. U. Sections 554, 586 and 606 was most efficient, and carried on with utter fearlessness and abandon.

It is with particular pride that I express to you my appreciation of the way in which you, one and all, performed your several duties, and I know that, aside from any word that I may add, you already have your reward in that sense of satisfaction which comes from duty conscientiously performed in the face of danger.

RICHARD DERBY,
Major, M. C., U. S. A., Division Surgeon.

HEADQUARTERS SECOND DIVISION (REGULAR),
AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES.

FRANCE, 11 October, 1918.

OFFICERS AND MEN OF THE SECOND DIVISION:

It is beyond my power of expression to describe fitly my admiration for your heroism. You attacked magnificently and you seized Blanc Mont Ridge, the keystone of the arch constituting the enemy's main position. You advanced beyond the ridge, breaking the enemy's lines, and you held the ground gained with a tenacity which is unsurpassed in the annals of war.

As a direct result of your victory, the German Armies East and West of Rheims are in full retreat, and by drawing on yourselves several German Divisions from other parts of the front, you greatly assisted the victorious advance of the Allied Armies between Cambrai and St. Quentin.

Your heroism and the heroism of our comrades who died on the battlefield will live in history forever, and will be emulated by the young men of our country for generations to come.

To be able to say, when this war is finished, "I belonged to the Second Division, I fought with it at the battle of Blanc Mont Ridge," will be the highest honor that can come to any man.

JOHN A. LEJEUNE,
Major General, U. S. M. C., Commanding.

Official.

CHAPTER VI

"ENFORCING ITS WILL ON THE ENEMY"

Few, few were they whose swords of old
Won the fair land in which we dwell;
But we are many, we who hold
The grim resolve to guard it well.
Strike for that broad and goodly land,
Blow after blow, till men shall see
That Might and Right move hand in hand,
And glorious must their triumph be.
—*William Cullen Bryant.*

THE honor of being "selected by the Commander-in-Chief of the Allied armies as his special reserve" carried with it certain disadvantages, especially after the "swift and powerful blow" had been struck. The French were very likely to attach their tentacles firmly to an American unit when it had once entered their sphere of influence. And what was even more trying, they had a way of splitting up a division and using the two brigades at different points of the line. Such procedure is followed by no evil consequences in the case of a new and inexperienced organization; quite to the contrary, such a step is a logical one in the training of the higher commands. But where unity and esprit already exist, and where the officers of the divisional staff know their busi-

ness, such breaking up of a combat unit is inevitably followed by a lessening of morale alike among officers and men.

What we had so greatly feared now happened. Our Fourth Brigade was ordered forward to relieve the Seventy-third French Division. Fortunately this order was never consummated, or our division would not have taken the part it did in the last great fight of the war. Word must have reached the American Commander-in-Chief of the designs which the French had upon us, for no sooner had the brigade moved forward into position to effect the relief, than orders came withdrawing the whole division from the Fourth French Army and sending it to the First American Army in the Argonne.

We breathed more easily as we trekked back from the Aisne over the ground so lately won from the enemy. The battlefields of but yesterday presented their fresh scars to the October sun. The piles of discarded equipment, already collected at the roadside, awaited the visit of the salvage truck. The fresh mounds of earth, scattered over the field or cluttered in front of what had once been an enemy machine-gun emplacement, bore silent testimony to those who had "paid with their

bodies for their souls' desire." The occupants of these graves had but lately faced the Great Adventure as schoolboys would a snow-ball fight. They had welcomed their fate with a smile upon their lips, and a song in their hearts. Their silent graves called not for tears but for pride.

With the creaking of wheels and groaning of heavily-laden carts, the regimental trains followed the long columns of tramping men. On parallel roads moved an endless procession of droning trucks, the divisional trains. Division Headquarters moved in successive leaps from Vadenay Ferme to Herpont, and then to Les Islettes. We had left the Champagne and were in the Argonne. We had bid the French good-by and had entered a part of France populated by American soldiers.

In the streets of Les Islettes I espied an artillery officer with the numerals 305 upon his saddle pad. I had no idea that the Seventy-seventh Division was in these parts, and hurried over to ask him if he knew my brother, Captain James Lloyd Derby, in command of one of the batteries of the Three Hundred and Fifth Regiment.

"Indeed, I do," he replied, and directed me to him at Chalade.

My brother's battery was out of line at the time,

and I found him in his P. C. on a hillside. His initial fear that I might be an inspector, when a strange automobile was reported to him, made our meeting all the more pleasurable. I had not seen him since August, when we stumbled upon each other in the woods near Baccarat. He and his battery had been lunching somewhat guiltily upon their emergency ration, and just as I left he received the anticipated summons from his colonel. This time he gave Boone and myself a real and very welcome meal, cooked by a former Delmonico chef, now a proud member of the battery.

At Les Islettes I found a number of salvaged water carts. At the end of a year's service, almost to a day, I was thus able to fill the deficiencies in original equipment of the Sanitary Train. These carts were tremendously useful in the coming offensive, often bringing water from long distances to the hospitals.

The next week was a busy one planning for the coming attack. From Division Headquarters at Charpentry I reconnoitered our sector carefully. The Forty-second Division was holding the front, and we were to advance through them to the attack. The Fifth Corps, of which we formed a part, had given orders that no organizations were to

show themselves in the open within range of hostile balloon observation. This meant within a distance of from seven to eight kilometers of the Front.

As our sector was particularly narrow, the problem of finding a suitable site for the *triage*, or sorting station hospital, was exceedingly difficult. I finally found a place within easy access of the axial road, just to the southwest of Exermont, and six and one half kilometers back of the front line. This site was, however, under plain observation of enemy balloons.

I solved my dilemma by quite accidentally running into a college classmate, Lieutenant Burral Hoffman, the Corps Camouflage Officer, who assured me that he could camouflage the site of a field hospital by supplying the screens, if I would supply the labor. We went up together and marked out the positions for the screens, and the next morning they were in place, and the road leading to the site was effectively barred out.

These screens placed along roads do no more than conceal movement upon the road, which was what I wanted to accomplish during the few remaining days before the attack. The tents of Field Hospital One were raised behind the screens, and the protection afforded the road prevented the

movement of ambulances to and from the hospital site from being seen from observation balloons.

White crosses, made of long pieces of gauze, were placed as usual upon the ground to either side of the hospital. A hostile plane flew low over the site that same day, and unquestionably identified it as a hospital, for it opened up with a machine gun upon the woods directly in the rear, where infantry was thought to be concealed.

The other three field hospitals were placed on a ridge leading south from Charpentry, ten and one half kilometers back of the front line. Fifteen and Twenty-three were set up as usual, close together, and given all the tentage that could be spared from the other hospitals. Through the kindness of the Red Cross at Clermont I was able to get two additional Bessoneau tents for them.

Heavy casualties were to be expected in the coming advance. The two nearest evacuation hospitals, at Froidos and Fleury, were respectively 33.5 and 39.5 kilometers from the front line. Because of this long evacuation to the rear, I decided to increase the capacity of Fifteen and Twenty-three to two hundred beds, so that the wounded might be held and resuscitated while awaiting transportation.

Lieutenant Commander Pratt, who had formerly served with the Fifth Marines, was in command of the combined surgical hospitals. He had several days in which to perfect arrangements and he used them to good advantage. Not only did he and Major Farmer, the C. O. of Fifteen, construct a road leading from the main highway to the hospital, but he so developed his establishment that, in point of view of comfort and equipment, it compared favorably with the more elaborate mobile surgical hospitals in the rear. Captain John L. Martin, the Sanitary Inspector, very cleverly improvised litter racks and bed rests for all the beds from the metal supports of barbed wire entanglements collected in the neighborhood.

During the night of October thirtieth the field hospitals of the Eighty-ninth Division, which were grouped together on the same road a kilometer to the north of us, were shelled out and forced to move back. They took up a new position just across the road from us. The combined group of tentage, comprising seven field hospitals, gave a circus effect to the otherwise uninhabited ridge. The "big show" was expected from day to day, but the delay was welcomed as it gave additional opportunity for preparation.

One Sunday afternoon I went up to Sommerance, a village directly back of the front line, with Boone and Pincoffs, to go over the front area. We worked out to the front and east of the village to get an idea of the condition of the roads and the best routes for evacuation. We were sniped at several times by Austrian 88's, but were able to work our way over the roads which we knew we would need for evacuation.

At four o'clock on the morning of November first a bombardment broke loose that must have carried terror to the heart of the Hun. Every ravine within seven kilometers of the Front belched fire. The noise was terrific, and the effect must have been deadly. Dawn discovered the earth with difficulty for the thick haze of smoke that overhung hill and plain. And yet the pounding went relentlessly on, gaining in volume and magnitude as at six o'clock the infantry began its advance.

The road leading through Sommerancè to the north was jammed with traffic; batteries of artillery moving forward and ambulances going to the rear. Boone and I deserted our car and took to the side of the road or the fields. Prisoners were streaming into Sommerance, many of them carrying our own or their wounded. Sharing one of our

dressing stations in the village was a captured medical detachment, including a major and several junior officers, who were caring for their own men.

As we went forward we met more wounded. They were being carried back by prisoners or pushed upon wheel litters, as the road was still under considerable fire, and ambulances had not yet been brought so far forward. The road, as it passed over a rise of land to descend into Landres et St. Georges, had been mined, and a platoon of the Second Engineers were filling in the huge crater. The hilltop was under observation and being shelled, and as we went by a shell exploded on the road, wounding several of the engineers. Boone and I helped pull the wounded men into the shelter afforded by the partially-filled crater and applied their first-aid packets.

The sergeant that I dressed had a perforating wound of the chest, through which blood was escaping and air being taken in. I plugged the opening as best I could with the gauze pad from the packet and bandaged his chest. I thought at the time that if I had had a needle and some suture material with me I could have closed the wound in the chest wall in very little additional time and given the man a so much better chance

of recovery. I saw this man half an hour later on my return to Sommerance, when his wound was being sutured. I learned later in the day that he had died just after his admission to the surgical hospital at Charpentry.

Experience taught us that wounds of the chest did very much better the sooner they were closed. And so we supplied all battalion surgeons with packages of needles already threaded with silkworm gut. Of course the suturing of a wound anywhere in the forward area could not be done under sterile conditions, but a closed wound of the chest, even though sure to become infected, was an infinitely lesser evil than an open, sucking wound, which courted death from hemmorhage or shock.

Back at Field Hospital One additional tents were being put up to shelter the increasing number of wounded. The congestion at this time, I discovered later, was due to the speed with which the forward area was being evacuated. The average time taken, in the case of three hundred and sixteen wounded, from the moment that they were tagged until they reached this hospital, was one hour and thirty-nine minutes. This was surprisingly fast time, considering the congested state of the roads, and the Ford ambulance drivers de-

serve as much credit as the litter bearers for the fine record established.

That night I spent at Landres et St. Georges, Boone and I sharing with General Lejeune a room in one of the few houses that had not been demolished. It was early the next morning when we reached the village for the second time, for I had gone back in the afternoon to see how work was progressing in the surgical hospital at Charpentry, and found the roads jammed with traffic on the return trip. For hours we crawled along in the midst of ammunition and supply trains.

Overcome with sleep, I settled back in my corner of the car, to be sudddenly awakened by the sound of a well-known voice on the road and the realization that the car had come to a stop. It was the voice of Colonel Mitchell, C. O. of the Second Engineers, who was endeavoring to break a traffic jam. We jumped out and joined forces with him, and for several hours worked unceasingly, extricating stalled trucks from mud holes, and endeavoring to contract four columns of traffic to two. We finally met with success, but literally had to fight our way up to the village.

General Lejeune had just received the following

letter from our corps commander, which was at once circulated throughout the division:

HEADQUARTERS FIFTH ARMY CORPS,
AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES.
FRANCE, 2d November, 1918.

From: COMMANDING GENERAL, Fifth Army Corps.
To: COMMANDING GENERAL, Second Division.
Subject: COMMENDATION.

I desire to add to my telephone message the assurance of my deep appreciation and profound admiration for the manner in which the Second Division executed the mission allotted to it on November first.

The Division's brilliant advance for more than nine kilometers, destroying the last stronghold on the Hindenburg Line, capturing the Freya Stellung, and going more than nine kilometers against not only the permanent but the relieving forces in their front, may be justly regarded as one of the most remarkable achievements made by any troops in this war. For the first time, perhaps, in their experience, the losses inflicted by your Division upon the enemy in the offensive greatly exceeded the casualties of the Division. The reports indicate, moreover, that in a single day the Division has captured more artillery and machine guns than usually falls to the lot of a command during several days of hard fighting. The results must be attributed to the great dash and speed of the troops and to the irresistible force with which they struck and overcame the enemy.

The Division has more than justified the distinguished confidence placed in it by the Commander-in-Chief when it was selected to take the lead in the advance from which such great results are expected. It is an honor to command such troops, and they have richly deserved a place in history and the affection of their countrymen, which is not exceeded, or perhaps paralleled, in the life of our nation.

I desire that you convey these sentiments to the officers and soldiers of the Second Division and that you assure them of my

abiding wishes for their continued success in the campaign that lies before it.

C. P. SUMMERALL,
Major General, Commanding.

JOHN A. LEJEUNE,
Major General, U. S. M. C. Commanding.

The next day on my way back from Bayonville and Landreville, on the bridge in Landres et St. Georges, I suddenly came upon my brother-in-law, Captain Kermit Roosevelt, who was on his way forward to join the Seventh Field Artillery with the First Division.

I had not seen him since the previous July, when we had met for a few days in Paris. He was then just back from Mesopotamia, where he had seen most active and interesting service in command of a battery of armored cars. As we stood there talking a car came by bearing another brother-in-law, Lieutenant Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, C. O. of the Twenty-sixth Infantry. The last that I had heard of him was that he was an instructor at the school at Langres, sent there while recovering from a wound in the leg received in July at Soissons. I therefore strongly suspected that he had gone absent without leave in order to rejoin his regiment and command it in what might be the last battle of the war.

The infantry had advanced nine kilometers the first day and had made another considerable advance that day. We were getting very far away from our hospital units, especially the surgical hospital at Charpentry. I brought Field Hospital One up to Landres et St. Georges, and sent back word to Twenty-three to move at once to Landreville. A period of fifty-one hours elapsed between the time this hospital ceased operating at Charpentry and recommenced at Landreville. This delay was due to the very poor and congested condition of the roads, and occurred fortunately over a period when there were but few casualties.

This hospital moved into a château at Landreville on November fourth and was operating at seven o'clock that night. The château lent itself very well for use as a hospital, an operating room being set up in one of the large rooms on the ground floor, with a radiographic room alongside. The X-ray truck was backed up to the front door and the wires for lighting and power led in. The large rooms up and down stairs each had a deep, open fireplace, and there was a generous supply of large logs on hand. It took no time to have roaring fires and close off the broken window panes with blankets tacked to the casements.

The personnel of Field Hospital Twenty-three were splendidly trained and could make a comfortable hospital out of a barn. Captain Cole had been with the organization from the days when it was recruited at Fort Oglethorpe, in the summer of 1917, and he was responsible for its good training and general efficiency. He was a tireless worker, and had shown himself to be a man of courage and resource under trying circumstances.

The efficiency of this hospital culminated in this last offensive. Between October thirtieth and November Second, while at Charpentry, ninety-eight patients were cared for, and of these fifty-three were operated upon, the remaining forty-five being chest injuries, to which nothing was done. The following statistics show the results:

Type	Number	Died	Mortality
Abdomen	15	8	53%
Chest (sucking)	2	0	
Fractures			
Thigh	3	1	33⅓%
Humerus	5	1 (also abdomen)	20%
Knee-joint	2	0	
Leg	4	0	
Forearm	2	0	
Spine	2	0	
Soft parts	9	0	
Buttocks	2	0	

Multiple wounds	4	0		
Miscellaneous	3	0		
Total	53	10	Mortality	19%

The operated patients were all in good condition when the rear echelon of this hospital moved forward from Charpentry to Landreville on November 11th. Of the forty-five non-operated chest cases, thirty-seven were evacuated to the rear, of which thirty-five were in good condition, two in fair condition, and one died. The remaining eight cases were left with the other post-operative patients to be cared for by the unit that relieved this hospital. All of the post-operative cases were living and doing well when the rear echelon was relieved.

The advance echelon at Landreville operated upon two hundred and eighty-two patients between November fourth and eleventh, and cared for in all about one thousand. On one of these days three teams performed one hundred major operations. The statistics show:

Type	Number	Died	Mortality
Abdomen	29	13	45%
All other operations	253	10	4%
Total	282	23	8.5%

Simultaneously with the movement of the surgical hospital to Landreville, Field Hospital One moved from Landres et St. Georges, where it had spent but one night, to Nouart.

My troubles as regarded evacuation now began. The infantry had reached the river Meuse. The main axial road, which we had been using up to this point, left our sector at Nouart and extended northeast to the river at Laneuville, in the sector of the Eighty-ninth Division. The roads running north to the river, from the latitude of Nouart, were dirt, which, after the artillery had moved forward over them, rapidly became next to impassable. Most of the wounded were being brought to La Tuilerie Ferme and La Forge Ferme, where were the battalion aid stations of the regiments engaged. These were six or seven kilometers south of the river, and about twice that distance from Nouart.

On the night of the fourth I took as many G. M. C. ambulances as I could collect at Nouart up to La Forge Ferme, over roads bad beyond description. For the greater part of the way the cars were running up to their hubs in mud. To attempt any speed in the pitch darkness was to court disaster in the ditch.

The ambulances were by no means the only occupants of the road, for batteries of artillery and regimental supply and ammunition trains made up the long line that gradually felt its way north. It was slow work, but after several hours I brought the convoy of eight cars safely to their destination. There were fifty or sixty wounded in the station, but, as it lacked but two hours before daylight, I decided not to start the ambulances back until they could see their way.

There was beginning to be a considerable amount of sickness at this time, owing to the tired and depleted condition of the men. Since the second of October the Division had been continuously either in the line or on the road between the Champagne and the Argonne. During the advance of the past few days, the bringing forward of food had been attended with great difficulties; the men had been continuously wet, and had had but little rest. The predisposing causes of sickness were rife.

The men began to succumb to influenza and intestinal inflammation, and during the coming week sickness claimed many more victims than did the machine-gun bullet. The evacuations mounted to four or five hundred a day, of which only a fifth were battle casualties. A corps evacu-

ating ambulance company helped us out, but with the evacuation hospitals now about fifty kilometers back, we were taxed to the utmost in keeping our field hospitals cleared, and ready to move with the advance.

Nouart was declared to be without the Division sector, and I was ordered to move Field Hospital One. In desperation I sent it to the village of Sommauthe, which was somewhat nearer the Front, but in an extremely inaccessible position because of the condition of the roads. It was a thoroughly undesirable site, but there were no alternatives.

The church at Sommauthe was filled with refugees from the villages between us and the Meuse, who had come back into our lines after the enemy had withdrawn. They were a deplorable lot, mostly French, although there were a few homeless Belgians who had been sent over into this part of occupied France. Many of them were greatly in need of medical attention, and all were in a condition bordering upon starvation. They were a pitiful sight, coming in wheeling a barrow filled with what household possessions still remained to them. Old men and women and children streamed into the sanctuary, where they were fed and rested

until trucks, returning to the railhead, picked them up. They had tasted of the bitterness of hostile invasion in 1914, and were now experiencing the almost equal bitterness of deliverance. Too war-weary even to sense a thrill of joy, and with their homes gone, life seemed to hold out very little to them.

The evacuation through Sommauthe was most unsatisfactory. A short stretch of road between the Front and this village was impassable to ambulances, and over this the sick were obliged to walk and the wounded to be littered, until the traversable road was again reached.

On the morning of the ninth, I decided that we must open up a new avenue of evacuation, and started up to Beaumont through Nouart and Laneuville, along the Meuse, to see if the road was safe for ambulances. I warned my driver that we should probably have to run the gauntlet of some shelling on our way through Laneuville. As we emerged from some woods and came into clear view of the village and the river, I could see shells breaking on the road ahead, particularly where it curved to descend to the village. The enemy's guns were on the heights across the river, about a thousand yards away.

There was no need to tell my driver to put on speed. He fairly stepped on the accelerator, and we raced at the corner. The road was strewn with broken branches and filled with craters, but these we took in our stride, and rounded the corner with no greater mishap than a couple of holes in the mud guards. We tore down into the village and out on the river road to the west, the shelling following us until we were out of observation in some woods.

We followed the road up into Beaumont, and as a result of the reconnaisance I was able to evacuate wounded by this route after dark. It made a vast amount of difference, for the road was in excellent condition, except for several short stretches. The wounded went direct from Beaumont to the surgical hospital at Landreville.

I attempted that same afternoon to go back to Division Headquarters at Fosse by way of the dirt road running south from Beaumont, but returned because of a block. On my way back into the town I was held up by two ambulances, one of which was supplying the other with gas.

On the other side of the block was a battery of artillery, and riding at the head of it I recognized my brother-in-law, Kermit. In the few moments

of conversation that were permitted, we sounded one another on the possibility of an armistice, and both felt that it was very unlikely. When two days later it actually came, it was a good deal of a surprise.

I spent the night at Beaumont, and ordered Field Hospital One by telephone to move up to that town. Beaumont was but two kilometers from the river, but a dip of the land protected it from direct observation, and it had only been subjected to desultory shelling. There was a good-sized church and a theater, both of which lent themselves for use as a hospital.

Early on the morning of the eleventh I was sitting in the office of G3, writing out an order for some medical supplies to send to the rear, when the telephone rang, and the sergeant answering it announced that an armistice would go into effect at eleven o'clock that morning. A general telephone alarm had been sent out transmitting this message. I was completely stunned by the news, for while there had been persistent talk during the past few days that an armistice was imminent, I had not the slightest conception that it would actually occur. At twenty minutes of nine came official confirmation of the fact.

It was incredible that what had come to be our everyday life was thus suddenly to end. It was impossible at once to adapt oneself to the idea that there would no longer be a line of enemy out ahead as intent to kill you as you to kill them.

It was with thoughts like these pursuing one another through my mind that I jumped into my car, taking with me Boone and the Division Chaplain, and started for Beaumont. We went up by the river road through Laneuville, and where two days before I had run the gauntlet passing through the village, now all was peace and quiet. The stillness was oppressive.

The church at Beaumont was filled with casualties suffered during the crossing of the river, early that morning. As I moved about among them, talking to the men and watching the dressings, the church was suddenly filled with the peals of the organ, and under the leadership of Boone from the organ loft, we joined in the singing of *America*.

With the dying strains of the music, at a few minutes after eleven o'clock that November morning, the war became an incident of past history.

CHAPTER VII

WITH THE ARMY OF OCCUPATION

The glories of our blood and state
Are shadows, not substantial things;
There is no armour against Fate;
Death lays his icy hand on kings:
Sceptre and Crown
Must tumble down,
And in the dust be equal made
With the poor crookéd scythe and spade.
—*James Shirley.*

THE field order read: "The Allied Armies advance into Germany. The Tenth French Army on our right marches on Metz, the Fifth French Army on our left marches on Bastogne, our Third American Army marches on Luxembourg."

This was a great relief, after the hackneyed phraseology to which we were so accustomed: "The division moves to a new area."

We were embarking upon an adventure, entering unexplored fields. No one knew with exactitude what had been going on within the Central Empires during the past four years. Open Sesame! We were about to see.

The six days between the eleventh and seventeenth were taken up with getting ready for the

Our Third American Army Marches on Luxemburg

Drawn by Capt. W. J. Aylward, A. E. F.

coming march. Many details of our original equipment had never been filled, while the full quota of motor transportation, as called for by the tables of organization, had not reached us. This we were now promised, but the promise remained unfulfilled.

In order to equip those divisions selected for the work of occupation as promptly as possible, personnel, transportation, equipment and animals were taken from the divisions not so selected. So it came to pass that our neighbors, the Seventy-seventh and Eighty-ninth Divisions, were called upon to fill our deficiencies. I saw my brother during one of these days. He told me that he had not the slightest idea of how he was going to move out the guns of his battery of the Three Hundred and Fifth Field Artillery, for he had that day been ordered to turn over practically all of his horses to one of our artillery regiments.

During these days I saw a great deal of Lieutenant Colonel Hugh Matthews, the G1 of our Division, whose numerous duties included those of re-equipment. He was a marine officer who had been on the division staff since the beginning and had been G1 since the early summer fighting. To him more than to any one man was due the smooth

running and reliable supply system of the Division. It is not an exaggeration to say that he was on his job for twenty-one out of the twenty-four hours. For those nights that he was fortunate enough to get six hours' sleep were evenly balanced by those during which he slept not at all. There was no detail of the working of his supply train with which he was not entirely familiar. There was no trouble to which he would not go to insure its smooth and efficient running. He set a standard of unselfish coöperation among his associates which met a ready response from one and all.

Together with him and the motor transport officer I went over the needs of the sanitary train for additional trucks. We were going a long way forwards, away from our base, and I was skeptical as to how soon the continuity of the railroads across No Man's Land would be established. It was therefore necessary to take along sufficient medical supplies and equipment to care for the sick en route, and to tide over the period until communications were reëstablished. I had decided that it was safe to trust to finding buildings along the way in which to house the sick, and had therefore salvaged the greater part of the tentage. But even so, I was in need of additional transportation

to carry the cots, blankets, and medical supplies which I deemed wise to bring along.

But there were also deficiencies in the transportation of the supply and ammunition trains, so that the additional truckage sent to the Division had to be evenly distributed among the trains. The new trucks were all of the three-ton type, so that while the trains received approximately the tonnage to which they were entitled, they did not receive the number of trucks. This worked a particular hardship upon the sanitary train, where the unevenness in size of articles of equipment made them especially difficult of loading on a lesser number of trucks. As a result, all through the march into Germany the trucks of the sanitary train were forced to double back and move their loads forward very much as the fox, the goose, and the bag of corn were finally taken across the stream.

I was very much concerned over the condition of the men and doubtful as to their physical ability of standing the long, hard march ahead. At the time of the armistice we were evacuating for sickness between four and five hundred men a day. This high rate kept up for the day or two following, and then sharply dropped. It was surprising to see what a large part hot food and dry clothing,

not to mention sleep and the cessation of hard, physical labor, played in the prevention of disease. The men's vitality was at once increased, and in a few days' time they were a different looking lot.

We supplemented the shower baths already in Beaumont with those carried by the field hospitals, and were thus able to bathe the greater part of two regiments in this town. New clothing and underclothing was issued to a majority of the different commands. There was a deficiency in the quantity of the issue shoe, and an English shoe was substituted, with which we had already had disastrous experiences, coming from the Champagne to the Argonne. The English shoe had a very narrow last, was made of extremely stiff leather, and the sizes failed to correspond with the American standard. After our first experience, we had particularly asked that this shoe be never issued again. It gave rise to many cases of sore feet on the subsequent march, and was the principal cause of march casualties.

On the day before our start I went over to a meeting of the division surgeons of the Third Corps, in the office of Colonel Bevan. Lieutenant Colonels Scott of the Thirty-second and Fairchild of the Forty-second Divisions were there, and we

discussed the plan of evacuation upon the march.

Colonel Bevan had under his command in the corps several field hospitals and ambulance companies. He proposed to leapfrog one of these hospitals over the other, as we moved forward, and thus keep in touch with us. We were to evacuate our sick to the nearest of these hospitals every day, and from there he would transport them back to the nearest evacuation hospital. These in turn had to be kept within reach of the corps hospitals. Thus the whole thing was a progressive move forward, from the Division hospital to the evacuation hospital.

In the Division I proposed setting up one of the field hospitals during every day of march. As each succeeding hospital ceased functioning, it was to join the train and thus be in readiness to set up when its turn came again. In this way there would never be more than two hospitals in operation at the same time, and always two in reserve. I detailed one of the medical supply depot's trucks, with a well-assorted load of supplies, to join each day the functioning hospital, so that the organizations would have a fixed point from which to re-equip.

On the morning of the seventeenth the Division, marching in three columns on parallel roads, started for the Rhine. The Thirty-second Divi-

sion was to the east of us, and the First Division to the east of them, while the Forty-second Division followed in our rear.

From the moment that our Division took the road the condition of the men began improving. The long, hard marches acted as a tonic, increasing their resistance and vitality. Their spirits rose in direct proportion to their physical improvement. Instead of there being a large number of sick to evacuate, as I had feared, we had mostly to deal with cases of sore feet, caused by the infernal English shoe. A large number of marine replacements, equipped with this shoe, joined the column on the march, and suffered greatly during the process of breaking in their shoes and themselves.

At the end of the first day's march, an inspector criticized the lack of ambulances in our marching columns. I had purposely directed that the ambulances remain well in the rear of the troops on the theory that an ambulance out of sight is out of mind. There is an immense influence in the suggestion offered by the sight of a smooth running car. The system employed upon the march was to assign a certain number of ambulances to each organization, under the direction of an ambulance company officer, whose duties were to make a call

upon the various units before they took the road in the morning and after making camp at night. During the march the cars were to be kept in the rear of the column.

The great difficulty of course with having motor transportation follow marching troops, is the slow speed at which the motors are forced to crawl along. It is extremely bad for a motor to have to run in low speed over a long period of time. The mule-drawn ambulances were ideal for this purpose, and were divided up among the infantry regiments, so that each battalion had one.

The next day we crossed the Belgian border and spent that night and the next in the town of Virton. The window of every house flew a Belgian flag, with a mingling of French and American colors. The latter were extemporized, and each portrayed the individual maker's conception of what an American flag should be. As there was no red material, pink was substituted. Some flags had twelve stars and five stripes, while others had five stars and twelve stripes.

That night the pent-up emotions, borne of four and a half years of oppression, broke out in wild jubilation. The streets were bright with torches held high by women and children, marching back

and forth and singing the Belgian anthem, in the first keen rapture of freedom. They had not been allowed out after dark during the invasion. Now they were free to come and go as they pleased, and their happy laughter bespoke their joy.

In approaching a crossroads on the way to Virton, I had seen a crowd of Belgian boys carrying an enormous Belgian flag. It was far too large for any one or two to keep aloft, and half a dozen were supporting it, on the run, in their endeavor to head me off and give me the full benefit of their welcome. I stopped the car and waited for the scrambling, shouting mob, which danced along towards me. They waved the flag over the car with shouts of *Vive l'Amerique!*

Many of the villages had arches of twined pine boughs at the entrance and exit, and the streets were strewn with green branches and lined by a shouting, cheering crowd. Each regiment was preceded by its band which played while going through a village.

Arlon, a city of one hundred thousand population, is perched on the top of a hill, and the spires of its several large churches could be seen a long way off. The square was black with people, turned out to give us a welcome, as the long column of

troops and trains filed up the main street. Division headquarters was established overnight in a large government building and Field Hospital One was set up in a Jesuit college. It was reported to me that there were some American wounded in one of the hospitals being cared for by a German hospital staff. I went at once to see them and found seven men, all from the Twenty-sixth Division, who were unanimous in their praise of the care that they had received at the hands of their captors. I made arrangements for them to be evacuated the next day to our corps hospital which had just been set up at Longwy.

I was much interested in questioning a German medical officer to discover what methods of wound treatment they had been employing during the war. It was a great surprise to me to hear that the Carrel-Dakin method had only been used during the past year, and that this officer, at least, did not set very much stock by it. I questioned him about splints, and found that the Thomas splint and its modifications, which were so generally used in the Allied Armies, had not been adopted by them. I got the impression, after some little conversation with this officer, who appeared to be a man of good professional training, that surgery

had stood still in Germany during the period of the war.

I had spent six months in Berlin at the completion of my medical course in New York in 1910, and had been at that time impressed by the progressiveness of much of the surgery that I saw there. The best surgeons had traveled extensively and were well up on what was being done in other parts of the world. They were practicing the best methods in vogue, and there were many excellent points of detail to be gained from them. But now a great difference seemed to have taken place. Whether it was because they had been shut off from the rest of the world for so long, or whether the prejudices engendered by the war had extended to the professional fields, and made them unwilling to adopt the successful methods of their enemies, was difficult to say. I am inclined to believe that both reasons played a part in the evident stagnation of thought and methods.

Our hospitals at this time were being called upon to care for very few of our own men. There were, however, many repatriated French, British, Belgians, Russians, Italians, and a few Americans, who were coming into our lines, according to the terms of the Armistice. We met them, coming

along the road, in small bands grouped according to their nationality. They had been unconditionally released and told to find their way back into France. They were poorly clad and looked badly nourished, and many were in need of medical attention.

On the twenty-first we entered the duchy of Luxembourg and spent that night in the small village of Brouche. With several other officers I was billeted with a peasant's family, who gave us for supper the first eggs and fresh butter that we had eaten in a long time. These people were at first rather diffident to us, but became more friendly as we talked with them. They were outspoken in their dislike for the Germans. They had not seen much of them outside the original invasion, and during the past week, when they had been streaming back, their lines of communication having been around, rather than through the duchy. The people seemed entirely untouched by the war. Of course they had suffered certain food privations, but outside of that the war might have been going on in another continent. They thought less than nothing of their Grand Duchess and of the German influences with which she was surrounded. The women were much the most out-

spoken about her, resenting her docility and craving a more virile leadership.

We entered the town of Mersch the next day through an arch inscribed in English, "To Our Deliverers." The weather was clear and cold, and as I went up and down the marching columns, I saw a great improvement in the condition of the men, by then a very different looking lot from the tired, mud bespattered soldiers who had fought their way across the Meuse ten days before. They were alert and keen and enjoying the sight-seeing march through a strange country.

Thanksgiving Day was spent in the very picturesque little town of La Rochette, situated in a ravine, from which rose a high hill with the ruins of an old castle dating back to the days of the cavaliers. The Division surgeon was delegated to obtain two sucking pigs for the Thanksgiving dinner of B Mess. These were finally found, and the French chef, who was an official member of the French Mission serving with a division, did full justice to them. The repast that we sat down to was worthy of the best culinary art. How the chef, with the little that was at his disposal, was able to produce such delectable dishes, was a mystery to all of us. Chaplain Pierce, the division

chaplain, a boyish-looking clergyman, who had rendered conspicuous and gallant service in burying our dead in action, played on the piano, while Captain de Woillemont, an officer of the French Mission, sang "Madelon."

On the hill above Fischbach, a village just to the south of La Rochette, was a château owned by the Grand Duchess, in which I wanted to place one of the field hospitals. Permission was obtained from her Imperial Majesty at Colmar Berg, and Field Hospital Fifteen was set up in what had once been a beautiful old château. The rest of the hospitals and all of the ambulance companies were stationed in the small village of Cruchten.

While we were at La Rochette some officers and men of the Sixth Marines were decorated, and the regiment received the Croix de Guerre for its action at Soissons.

The ceremony took place in a meadow, with the swollen waters of the Sauer River, the German frontier, in the background. A company of each battalion of the regiment stood at attention, with their backs to the fast moving stream, while the general and reviewing party faced them. Those to be decorated filed down from the right of the line, faced to the front, and came forward with the

colors, halting in front of the reviewing party. My assistant, Boone, was among them. He received the Distinguished Service Cross for "extraordinary heroism in action in the Bois de Belleau, on the 9-10, and 25 of June, 1918." The band played the National Anthem, and the decorations were bestowed. Then the regiment swept by in review. It was an impressive ceremony, particularly so for the men who received their richly deserved decorations in this dramatic setting upon the frontier of Germany.

On December first we crossed the Sauer River and entered Germany.

The streets of Bollendorf were partly filled with a crowd who stared with wonder upon the strange sight of an invading army. Their glances were not unfriendly. They gave the impression of being so glad that the war was over that they were not going to let anything spoil that pleasure, even the entry of a conquering army. We spent our first night at Mettendorf, moving on the next day to Rittersdorf.

In the small villages that we were now passing through, we used the school buildings for hospitals which, even in the smallest hamlets were well-built, roomy buildings, supplied with steam heat. They

were occupied ordinarily only as a one-night stand, for we sent everyone who was not able to rejoin his command the following day back to the corps hospital. The few sick that came through this hospital were suffering from influenza, or some contagious disease, such as measles or mumps. There were always a certain number of miscellaneous conditions, such as a sprained ankle or a troublesome in-growing toe nail.

Our next stop was the city of Prum, where Field Hospital Fifteen took over a very large school building, capable of holding fifteen hundred. As we stopped here for several days, we requisitioned beds from the burgomeister, and hospitalized the slightly sick whom we had been sending on back. Eventually the corps hospital moved up here, and took over the building and care of the sick who could not accompany us.

On successive days we moved to Gerolstein, and then to Nohn and Adenau. From Adenau we crossed the divide into the valley of the Ahr, which would lead us to the Rhine. Headquarters occupied Ahrweiler. Just beyond this town was the large cure resort of Neuenahr, in one of whose wonderful hotels we set up a hospital.

It was at this point that I lost the services of my

assistant, Lieutenant Commander Boone, who had been with me since the last days of September, when I became Division surgeon. He had been in poor health all through the past month, and had only kept himself going during the last offensive through sheer pluck and will power. He did not want to give in, even though he had lost much weight and was so weak that he could not leave his room. I finally prevailed upon him to give in, and sent him back to Luxembourg, where he was able to get a train to Base Hospital Eighteen at Bazoilles. With him went Captain Pincoffs, ordered away to duty at the same base hospital. So in one day I lost two of my very best men. Splendid characters both of them, and both recommended for the Medal of Honor and on several occasions for the Distinguished Service Cross and Croix de Guerre. I had already lost Major Lee, the surgical consultant, who had been ordered to the Fourth Corps, and Major Ruggles, the psychiatrist, who had been ordered to duty in England.

On December tenth, I saw the Rhine for the first time, since when as a boy of ten I had taken a trip upon it with my father. It was at Remagen, famous as the home of apollinaris and a great sum-

mer watering place. Two new bridges, the Ludendorf and Hindenburg, were in sight from here, built during the war by prisoner labor. I entered the town with the regiment that was to occupy it, and it was of great interest to see the apparent friendliness of the inhabitants. The streets were filled with a cheering lot of children, and the parents were but slightly less demonstrative.

On Friday morning, December thirteenth, we crossed the Rhine by the Remagen bridge, and went up the river to the town of Neuwied, where Division Headquarters was established in the outlying suburb of Heddesdorf. With Lieutenant Commander Pratt, the director of field hospitals, I immediately began a reconnaissance of the area that the Division was to occupy. It was a comparatively narrow sector running along the river.

First of all I obtained from the burgomeister of Neuwied a list of buildings throughout the area that could be used as hospitals. We then started on a tour of visits and saw them all, deciding finally upon a former War College in Engers, a sanitarium for nervous diseases in Bensdorf, and a theological seminary in Vallendar.

The Kriegschule in Engers overlooked the river,

and had been used during the war as a hospital. On a tablet in the entry hall was inscribed the name of Hindenburg as a graduate. In the library of some six or eight thousand books dealing with military subjects, was found an album containing the photographs of graduates, and among them were many who had attained high positions during the war. The building contained beds, and after a thorough cleaning up was ready to receive patients.

The theological seminary at Vallendar was a large, modern building on a hill overlooking the town and the river. It contained between eighty and ninety students between the ages of twelve and nineteen. As they had but recently moved into this new building, and the old school buildings were nearby, I had no compunctions at moving them out. The sanitarium in Bensdorf lent itself for use as a surgical hospital, so Field Hospital Fifteen was sent there.

There were a quantity of hospitals in the neighboring country, but all of them were in use by the Germans. At Waldbreitbach in the northern part of our sector was a large tuberculosis sanitarium for women. Across the valley was a huge home for feeble-minded. At Sayn was a large

hospital built and supported by the Krupp concern for its employees.

It took at first considerable moving about to get the men into comfortable and not too crowded winter quarters. In the towns and villages directly on the banks of the Rhine there were a number of large factories, and consequently these places were already pretty well filled with workers and their families. The Third Corps Headquarters made the mistake of reserving too much space in the town of Neuwied, and so crowding the Division out of a much needed billeting area. It took them some time to discover their mistake and correct it, and in the meantime the men of the Division suffered.

There were inadequate bathing facilities within the area and, outside of Neuwied, no delousing facilities whatsoever. As the two disinfestors belonging to the Division had been removed before we left France, we were in a bad way, and were forced to improvise as best we could. A medical officer attached to one of the marine regiments constructed a very clever disinfestor out of a pontoon boat, into which he conducted live steam from a neighboring boiler. It was not perfect but it served its purpose in disinfesting the clothing of

the men of his battalion. We obtained a number of shower baths and set them up where they would serve the greatest number of men.

It was not long before we found ourselves shaking down into a regular garrison routine. I racked my brain as to how to keep officers and men from becoming bored to death. The situation was a difficult one, for in an enemy country, there were none of the diversions that had made life tolerable the winter before in France.

I was able to get some medical books and magazines from the Red Cross in Paris, and started a circulating library and planned medical meetings at the various field hospitals. The corps surgeon held weekly meetings of officers from the different divisions, at which questions of sanitation were discussed. Courses of instruction were inaugurated in the various organizations of the Division, and the hospital corps men kept as busy as ingenuity could devise.

As I have said, there was practically no diversion for either officers or men after the day's work was over. And in spite of the loneliness I heard of but few attempts at fraternization. The Germans were almost universally friendly, and showed a surprising willingness to let bygones be bygones,

which appeared to be prompted by a desire to ingratiate themselves with us.

On Christmas Eve the family with whom I was billeted asked me on my return home in the evening to join their family party in the dining room. When I reminded them that our countries were still at war, that I was an American army officer billeted in their house, and that I was neither permitted nor had I any desire to have any social relations with them, they could not seem to understand my attitude.

Christmas Day was clear and sunshiny after a light fall of snow the night before. The road leading to the little village where was the headquarters of the Twenty-sixth Infantry, ran through a beautiful forest carpeted with snow. As the car rounded a sharp turn I came suddenly upon a fine looking buck and several does, who bounded off down the long aisles of magnificent trees.

I found my brothers-in-law and a merry crowd of officers gathered about a Christmas tree and at three o'clock we sat down to a wonderful banquet which was in no way surpassed by the singing. The most popular song was unquestionably:

The First Division is having a time—Parlez-vous!
The First Division is having a time—Parlez-vous!

The First Division is having a time,
Keeping watch upon the Rhine
Hinky-dinky—Parlez-vous!

The time passed much too quickly and the long cold drive home brought the merrymaking to an end.

On January seventh Colonel Robert Bacon brought me word of Colonel Roosevelt's death.

Only a few days before I had had a characteristic letter from Colonel Roosevelt, in which he said:

"Of course I am as proud as Punch of what the First and Second Divisions (ought I to transpose their order!?) have done, and as a mere matter of *panache* I am very glad that they are east of the Rhine, on the bridgehead into the heart of Germany. You boys have certainly done everything and seen everything, in the greatest military achievement our country has ever had to its credit. It is worth while to have lived in such a time, if, and only if, one has risen level to the time."

Shortly after this I was relieved from duty with the Second Division and ordered home—leaving behind me, as conquerors in Germany, the many, many men at whose side I had worked for so long, and whom I knew truly had "risen level to the time."

CHAPTER VIII

WISE IN TIME

Nine tenths of wisdom consists in being wise in time.
—*Theodore Roosevelt*

What lost eclipse of history,
What bivouac of marching stars,
Has given the sign for you to see
Millenniums and last great wars?"
—*Edwin Arlington Robinson.*

THE most melancholy spectacle that has been vouchsafed to those who actively participated in the war has been the slumping back since the armistice, to the days of pre-war unpreparedness, and the ascendancy once again to power and repute of the peace-at-any-price pacifist. An Administration that was reëlected before our entry into the war, on the slogan, "they kept us out of war," and proceeded deliberately to stall and limit our participation in the war until the disasters during the spring of 1918 made a more active participation vitally necessary, has reverted to type and has taken delight in demolishing the hard-earned results of our efforts in the direction of adequate preparedness. The military machine has been dismantled in much the same way as their crews dismantled the German liners in our ports. Train-

ing camps have been scrapped, just as important parts of machinery were thrown overboard. Our men have been demobilized with commendable speed, but the crying shame is that no provision has been made to perpetuate the organization of the divisions that have fought so gallantly in France. Instead of passing them out into a citizens' army reserve, they have been thrown into the discard. We are headed back just as fast as we can go to that abject condition of helplessness in which the war found us.

Instead of devoting itself to the elementary principles of self-protection, as shown to be so vital in the war, the Administration has attempted to lull us into a sense of false security and foister upon us an impractical and millenniumistic League of Nations. The metamorphosis of the pacifist to an internationalist has been easy and natural, for he had but to cast aside the drab garments of cringing servility and the ignominious attitude of being "too proud to fight," and don the coat of Joseph, resplendent with the colors of all nations. The worm has become a butterfly and has attempted to charm a credulous world by the magnificence of his plumage and the loftiness of his purposes. He would prostitute the independence

and sovereign rights of his nation with the same callousness that he saw his fellow citizens murdered on the high seas or in Mexico. Having outgrown the ability to think in terms of but one nation, he raises his voice to the heavens and pleads for humanity, proposing to protect her in future within a ring of roses instead of a ring of steel.

On the question of the covenant of the League of Nations the country stands divided into exactly the same camps that took sides on the question of our entering the war. On the one side are the unpractical idealists, the peace-at-any-price pacifists, the keep-us-out-of-war opportunists, the peace-without-victory materialists, and the all inclusive internationalists. On the other side are the practical idealists, the men and women who ever have and always will believe in national preparedness, the American nationalists, the Monroe doctrinists, and the Roosevelt one hundred per cent. Americans. The docile apostles of peace-without-victory are aligned against the virile men of action, who count deeds mightier than words; the constitutional iconoclasts against the champions of American sovereignty; the Powers of Darkness against the Powers of Light.

Peace is a state in international relationship

which has been enforced since the beginning of time. Those peoples who, after a war, have beaten their weapons into ploughshares, have lived to regret the act, or have died to have their children regret it. It was the presence of the rifle, hanging ever ready in the early settler's cabin, that made possible the settling of this great country. Neither Washington, Lincoln, nor Roosevelt would have for a moment listened to any project which considered surrendering our inalienable right of self-decision in questions of such vital national importance, as freedom to espouse a just cause, freedom to control who shall come to our shores, and freedom to dictate our own military policy.

We have seen enough of the results of a vacillating, spineless policy in international matters to convince us for all time that it only degrades our country in the eyes of the world, and merely puts off the eventual day of reckoning. And yet there are those high up in our government who are no more impressed now by the need of true preparedness than were they on August 1, 1914. They have never learned the lesson that every man in the American Expeditionary Forces knows, namely, that armies are not made overnight, and that the only real deterrent against greed and a desire for

conquest is organized force. Arbitration and conciliation are very well in questions where justice exists on both sides of the matter in dispute, but they have no place in questions between right and wrong. By expressing our willingness to submit a question between right and wrong to arbitration, we invite the malefactors to perpetrate wrong upon us.

The same government that would have kept us out of war, had not the country risen and insisted that war be declared, is now attempting to cause the surrender of that right of self-expression which alone was responsible for our participation. A league which contains such a surrender would not be acceptable.

Peace can be obtained, and in the same way maintained, in one of two ways. In the first place, it can be paid for in money, as in the case of tribute, paid by a weaker to a stronger nation, to preserve the peace; or it can be paid for in life-blood. That which is thus purchased is, in the one case, the Peace of Ignominy and, in the other, the Peace of Righteousness.

The passing of the conscription bill and the success with which its results were attended, should have proved to a doubting people that true

national preparedness lies only in a system of universal training and obligatory service. What would have been the plight of this country if the virile young men, under the foresighted leadership of Major General Leonard Wood, had not voluntarily and in the face of opposition from the Administration, established and made successful the Plattsburg camps? I venture to say that without the trained officer material, made available by these camps, that the very timely aid contributed by America in June and July of 1918, would not have been possible. Without America's aid at this moment a debacle might have resulted. I therefore reiterate that except for the voluntary and unappreciated effort, as exemplified by the Plattsburg camps made by those Americans foresighted enough to see disaster ahead, our entry into the war would have been too late. The Plattsburg camps contributed enough trained officers to man the three Regular divisions that bore the brunt of this heavy fighting.

In the face of what we have learned during the past five years, it would be but the merest tyro who would oppose the sane system of training our young men in times of peace to fulfill their obligations of citizenship in times of war. If the

principles of Justice, Freedom, and Democracy are worthy of preservation, it is our bounden duty as citizens of the republic to prepare ourselves to defend them whenever they may be jeopardized by a designing and unprincipled foe. And such training lies within the constitutional rights of our government to impose.

As a by-product of the good to be obtained from a system of universal training and obligatory service would be the far-reaching Americanizing effect upon our citizens of foreign extraction. A minimum of six months spent in a training camp in the country's service would insure every young man's learning to speak and write the English language, and to love and respect the American flag. Second only to this tremendous advantage would be the effect upon the nation's health.

The benefits to the race that would accrue from passing the young men of the nation through a period of intensive physical training would be immeasurable. Quite aside from the point of view of physical development would be the opportunity given to discover and correct those physical defects which account for lifelong ill-health and non-efficiency. How many men to-day go through

life in a crippled condition because some simple corrective measure was not instituted in their youth! The non-efficiency rate throughout the nation would be vastly reduced, if a paternal government offered an opportunity for the discovery and correction of physical defects among its citizens.

The military knowledge that would be disseminated through a system of universal training would, from an economic point of view, be the least advantageous part of the training. For hand in hand with the training of the soldier could proceed whatever form of vocational training he elected. So that at the end of his period of service he would not only have prepared himself to defend his country but would have acquired a technical training that would fit him to support himself in the trade of his choice.

We shall come to such a system of training in this country eventually, for the good sense of our people will never allow our military policy to be dictated to us by any other collection of powers. To those of us who have had the privilege of serving our country on French and German soil, to whom the safety of our country will always be a cherished trust, only the adoption of such a system will set our minds at rest and insure to us the nation's safety.

The Surgical Hospital with a Division

In the spring of 1917, when Colonel Roosevelt offered to recruit a division for service abroad, he asked me to advise him in the selection of medical personnel. Lieutenant Colonel Henry Page, M. C., U. S. A. was to have been the Division surgeon, the most constructive and efficient medical officer of the Regular establishment under whom I have ever served. There were applications running up into the thousands from medical men from all parts of the country clamoring to serve, in what would have been every bit as picturesque and as efficient an organization as the Rough Riders.

At that time I had attempted, through the generosity of one of Colonel Roosevelt's admirers, to obtain from the French the equipment of one of their mobile surgical hospitals, known as an Auto Chir. The refusal to accept Colonel Roosevelt's services on the part of the Administration put an end to these negotiations. I have merely mentioned this incident to show that at this time I was convinced of the usefulness of this particular French unit, and that had Colonel Roosevelt's division gone abroad, it would surely have been supplied with one.

Our medical department took its time in reaching a decision on the type of mobile surgical hospital to adopt, and it was not until many months after our entry into the war, that a type was selected, and considerably later before production of equipment was begun. The blame, in my opinion, was due to the criminal policy adopted by the Administration of not permitting medical observers or any other branches of the service from keeping abreast of the improvements in modern war, by direct study in France and England before our entry.

When the Second Division first went to the Front March, 1918, it had nothing in the way of equipment that would justify the performing of surgery in its field hospitals. Fortunately for us, and for the three other American divisions that were at that time at the front, there were French hospitals available. Without them we should have been utterly unable to have given any proper attention to our sick, gassed, or wounded. As a matter of fact our casualties from gas in the Verdun sector received thoroughly inadequate care because of the wretched hospital facilities provided by the French. And a large proportion of the French surgical hospitals were not by any means all that

was to be desired from the point of view of good surgery and asepsis.

We were therefore confronted very early in our experience with the necessity of developing within the Division a well-trained and modernly equipped surgical hospital, that moved with the Division and was ready for any emergency. I have already described the training and development of this hospital under the able direction of Lieutenant Colonel Burton J. Lee.

The hospital was equipped and trained none too soon, for when the Division was thrown across the Huns' advance in June, it handled for a week at Juilly all the casualties of which it was capable, until Evacuation Hospital Eight finally came to the rescue. It was then moved forward to La Ferté-sous-Jouarre, where it continued doing excellent work through June and early July. I hate to think of what the plight of our wounded might have been had we not been forehanded enough to have this hospital ready for the emergency. Without the hearty coöperation of Colonel Wadhams, the medical representative on the General Staff, and the Red Cross, we would not have succeeded in equipping the hospital.

This hospital, in my opinion, fulfilled a most

useful and necessary function with the Division. It offered to the very seriously wounded man the one chance for recovery, no matter how slim it might be. If he were sent on back to the mobile surgical or evacuation hospital, he would arrive there dead. While in the divisional hospital, if he were capable of resuscitation, he could there be operated upon and kept until transportable. If his condition was desperate, he could there remain and be made comfortable during his last hours. Not every patient, by any means, could be sufficiently resuscitated to insure his safe evacuation, and it was for these cases particularly that this hospital was planned. An equally important function, however, was the resuscitation of patients who were so made capable of evacuation

The location of this hospital in combat was a matter of very great importance. The purpose of its usefulness was defeated if it were brought too close to the line and subjected to shell-fire. This happened in the Champagne, when I brought the hospital up to Somme-Py, expecting an advance of the troops on our right and left, which was delayed for several days. It was good fortune only that prevented our suffering casualties on this occasion. On the other hand, the hospital served no useful

purpose, if far back of the troops. Experience proved that only where adequate shelter was available was it justifiable to bring the hospital within the range of artillery. The placing of the hospital in the deep cellars of Thiaucourt was entirely justified, and attended by excellent results.

A condition that had always to be borne in mind was the effect caused by an advanced position of the hospital upon the morale of the troops. If, however, the position was so advanced that shells were passing over or breaking about the hospital, the morale of the wounded man was not thereby served. One had to be governed considerably by the psychology of the moment. When we were winning, we could afford to, and were justified in taking greater chances, than when things were going against us. When a check occurred it was wiser to be a little more conservative.

The surgery performed in this hospital was a credit to the man most responsible for it—Colonel Lee. I know of no other divisional consulting surgeon who was willing to roll up his sleeves and make the best of the material at his disposal within the Division. The position was finally done away with because the majority of the incumbents did not have the imagination to create an organization

such as existed in the Second Division. Colonel Lee, upon joining the Division in March, started in with the idea of transmitting his own knowledge of surgery to a group of the most capable and receptive medical officers with surgical experience that he could find in the division. He taught them how to operate and contributed what they lacked in experience. In the engagements of the summer and fall, he did very little operating himself, but spent most of his time moving from one table to another, and advising his staff what to do, when they were confronted with difficulties.

It is merely due to the specialized work done in the surgical hospital that I am emphasizing it over any of the other hospitals of the Division. The efficiency of the others in their particular line of work was quite on a par with it. During the last fighting of the war the hospitals of the Division were very favorably mentioned, as shown by the following report:

"*Extract from report of the Inspector General, A. E. F., to the Chief of Staff, A. E. F., dated December 11, 1918, on observations by Inspectors General from G. H. Q. during operations from September 12th to November 11, 1918.*

. . . . . .

"7. The work of the Second Division, whose Triage and Field Hospitals were located near Charpentry during the offensive beginning November 1st, was of the highest order. The group was well located and planned, and a stone road constructed by the sanitary personnel, made ingress and egress of ambulances very easy. All the wards were well heated, the beds clean and comfortable, and the attention given to patients compared favorably to that given at evacuation hospitals. Litter-racks and bed-rests for all beds were improvised from the metal supports of barbed-wire entanglements collected in the neighborhood. The discipline of the personnel was of a higher order. The work done was a great credit to the Division Surgeon, Lieutenant-Colonel Richard Derby, and to the personnel of the various hospitals of the group.

"The Triages and Field Hospital groups of other divisions though less elaborate than those of the Second Division showed, nevertheless, a high degree of efficiency and indicated that much had been learned through experience in each of these offensives."

. . . . . .

The Sanitary Personnel

I have tried in the foregoing pages to draw a clear picture of the activities of the medical department with a combat division, and to visualize the work of medical officers and hospital corps men. The latter were the men who brought our wounded back through the zone of rifle, machine gun, and shell-fire, and administered the first aid treatment which was often a determining factor in saving life or in justifying an operation that did save life. To the stretcher bearers, regimental medical detachments, and ambulance drivers belongs the major share of credit for the astounding results of the war's surgery.

The conception of excision of the wound tract, and immediate or later closure of the wound, was based upon the laws of bacterial growth, in which the element of time was the most important factor. The bacteria in a wound do not increase in numbers during the first twelve hours. So that the successful excision of a wound and the resulting prevention of infection and immediate closure can only be accomplished when the operation is performed within twelve hours of the reception of the wound. To make possible the performing of an

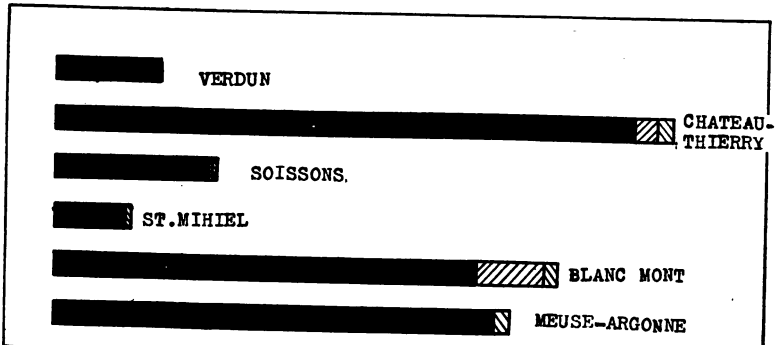
TABLE COMPILED BY ALEXIS P. MINOS, M.D.

SERGEANT, IST FIELD HOSPITAL

CHART NO.11.

COMPARISON OF ADMISSIONS ON FRONTS SPECIFIED CLASSIFIED AS; AMERICAN, ALLIED, OR ENEMY PRISONERS OF WAR.

American ■ Allied ▨ Enemy Prisoners of War ▨



OFFICIAL DESIGNATION OF SECTOR	Admissions			
	AMERICAN	ALLIED	PRISONERS OF WAR	TOTAL
VERDUN	1071	---	---	1071
CHATEAU-THIERRY	5929	224	167	6320
SOISSONS	1589	29	19	1637
ST.MIHIEL	726	---	66	792
BLANC MONT	4345	689	149	5183
MEUSE-ARGONNE	4508	---	190	4698

operation which held out any hope of success, the wounded man had to be brought to the operating room within the twelve-hour limit. This was accomplished through rapid evacuation of the wounded man, and the actual work was done by the stretcher bearers and ambulance drivers.

It is with no desire to in any way belittle the work done by surgeons in evacuation and mobile surgical hospitals, that I emphasize the importance of the work done by the surgeons with combat troops. In these hospitals in the rear good surgery was at a premium. While in the forward areas good surgical judgment was at a premium. Life often depended upon the security with which a Thomas splint was applied to a fractured thigh, or to the prompt sewing up of a sucking chest wound. If such procedures had not been efficiently carried out by battalion and field hospital surgeons, the surgeons waiting in the rear would have had nothing but dead men upon whom to operate. If such procedures had been carried out under ideal conditions, there would have been nothing remarkable about them, but performed as they usually were under most trying conditions, their accomplishment by the surgeons with combat troops was but little short of marvelous.

Rapid evacuation was the second predisposing factor in successful surgery. The wounded man had to be brought to the operating table within the twelve-hour limit, or the chance of aborting infection became increasingly worse. The regimental and ambulance company stretcher bearers and the ambulance drivers were the men who accomplished this difficult and dangerous work. Except for their wonderful accomplishments the vitally important time factor would not have been observed.

Assisting the three motor ambulance companies in most of the engagements were one or more Ford sections of twenty cars. These sections were under the command of an officer of the Sanitary Corps and were used over the most advanced segment of the evacuation, namely from the battalion aid station to the advanced field hospital, and often from the field back. The two sections that served with us over the longest period of time and rendered the most valuable service in the heaviest fighting in which the Division was engaged, were S. S. U. 502 under the command of Lieutenant Hathaway and S. S. U. 578 under the command of Lieutenant Berl. All through the month of June these two officers exposed them-

selves unceasingly, going wherever their cars went, in their endeavor to accelerate evacuation. A third of the drivers and orderlies of S. S. U. 578 suffered casualties, and eight ambulances were destroyed by shell-fire.

I was very fortunate in having such excellent medical officers under me. Without their enthusiastic support and coöperation the work would not have been as well or as smoothly done; without their intelligent interest and application our problems would have remained mountains instead of becoming molehills.

Of the one hundred and eight medical officers with the Division at the time of the Armistice there were twenty-five medical officers of the Navy, one of the Regular Army, and all the rest were temporary officers commissioned from civil life.

These eighty-two officers had been practicing their profession up to April 6, 1917. Very few had had any previous military experience. Most of them had been through one of the Medical Officers' Training Camps and had come out with some theoretical but very little practical knowledge of their duties. What they had learned had been gained from their service with troops. They made

up in initiative and enthusiasm what they lacked in cut and dried knowledge of their duties. In justice to those medical officers that were with the Division in the end, it is only fair to say that they represented the survival of the fittest, and that many were dropped by the wayside, who for physical or temperamental reasons did not measure up to the standards set.

The medical officers of the Navy, serving with the two marine regiments were an exceptionally fine lot of men. They were splendidly trained and possessed in full measure the wonderful esprit that characterizes the Marine Corps. I never placed one of them in a position of responsibility that he did not fill with credit, not only to himself but to the corps to which he belonged.

Without such men as Boone, Pincoffs, Lee, Meacham, Ruggles, and Pratt, the work of the medical department of the Second Division would not have been above the average. These six men particularly, in their respective positions of responsibility, proved themselves capable of meeting any emergency. There were many more whose names should be mentioned for the fine faithful service that they rendered in positions of less responsibility.

Lieutenant Colonel Henry A. Ingalls came from Roswell, New Mexico. He had at one time in his career done considerable work in constructive engineering, which knowledge stood him in good stead on more than one occasion in his capacity as director of field hospitals. He told me that he had thought nothing of going two hundred miles or more in his automobile across New Mexico to visit a patient. To a city practitioner such a visit would seem a formidable undertaking, but to him it was a very ordinary occurrence.

It was a matter of great interest to me to study the adaptability of the average physician making the great change from civil practice to life with a combat division. As a general rule, beyond a certain age, the man who had lived in a city was physically and mentally unable to adapt himself to the stress of life in action. The age limit I would place at forty. On the other hand, the country practitioner, the man who had spent the greater part of his life in the open air, going from one call to another on horseback or in an open car or buggy, took to the vicissitudes of life in action as easily as a hermit crab changes his shell. He was as a rule a wiry, spare individual, with his nervous system under perfect control.

APPENDIX

HEADQUARTERS, SECOND DIVISION (REGULARS), AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES, GERMANY

December 31, 1918.

GENERAL ORDERS
No. 88

1. The names of and the deeds performed by the following named officers and enlisted men of this division are published as being well worthy of emulation and praise [as concerns the Medical Department]:

Lieutenant Colonel RICHARD DERBY, Division Surgeon, 2d Division:

This officer served as Assistant Division Surgeon in the earlier operations and as Division Surgeon during the last two operations of the 2d Division. His services were distinguished, exceptionally meritorious, and in duty of great responsibility. The successful and efficient handling of the numerous patients was due in a large measure to his untiring efforts and efficient supervision.

Passed Assistant Surgeon JOEL T. BOONE, U. S. Navy, 2d Division:

This officer has participated in all the engagements of the Division. He displayed great courage and coolness by establishing advance dressing stations under heavy fire, and saving the lives of many wounded men by giving them immediate medical attention on the field of battle.

Captain JACK CAPPEL, Medical Corps, 9th Infantry:

At VAUX, France, June 6–7, 1918, when the Medical Corps became disorganized through losses, Captain Cappel went personally to the front lines, passing through a barrage, through a woods drenched by gas and torn by shell fire, reorganized his stretcher service and by his fearless bearing in the face of heavy fire instilled confidence in his men and caused the evacuation of the wounded to be resumed.

Captain MARVIN CAPPEL, Medical Corps, 9th Infantry:

This officer, during the hottest fighting, visited the front lines continually both night and day, supervising the evacuation of the wounded, personally directing the work of the stretcher bearers, and on several occasions, when his personnel was overtaxed with work, he ran forward under intense artillery and machine gun fire, personally gave first aid and carried in wounded men. His example in this, as well as in all previous engagements with his regiment, has been an inspiration to the whole command. His system of speedy and efficient evacuation of the sick and wounded cannot be too highly commended. This officer has

been previously recommended for gallantry in action. This near MEDEAH FERME, France, October 3, 1918.

First Lieutenant WILLIAM McFEE, Medical Corps, 9th Infantry:

Displayed extraordinary courage and heroism in following his battalion through the German lines under heavy machine gun fire and direct artillery fire for more than six kilometers in order to render necessary assistance and treatment. This near NOUART, November 2, 1918.

First Lieutenant PHILIP H. CONLON, Medical Corps, 9th Infantry:

During the action east of the Argonne Forest, November 1–11, 1918, Lieutenant Conlon rendered invaluable aid to the wounded by his untiring efforts. Coolly and fearlessly he performed his duties, supervising the work of dressing the wounds of and evacuating his patients, notwithstanding the fact that he was continually exposed to violent artillery fire.

First Lieutenant JOHN J. HEVERIN, Dental Corps, 9th Infantry:

Accompanied an advance patrol party through the German lines in the vicinity of NOUART on the night of November 2, 1918, and displayed great courage and disregard of personal safety in rendering assistance and administering first aid treatment to the wounded while under violent machine gun and artillery fire.

Sergeant, First Class, HARRY R. LOUIS, Medical Department, 9th Infantry:

Voluntarily attached himself to the medical detachment of one of the advancing battalions and rendered

valuable assistance which undoubtedly resulted in the saving the lives of many wounded men who otherwise would have been left in the rain and mud all night without medical aid. In this work he displayed the greatest courage, frequently passing through heavy machine gun and artillery fire in order to keep in contact with and render first aid to the wounded of the advance patrol party. This in the vicinity of NOUART on the night of November 2, 1918.

Sergeant WILLIAM H. CROMPTON, Medical Detachment, 9th Infantry:

Showed great courage and devotion to duty in refusing to be evacuated after being wounded by the shell which struck the dressing station and killed one of the patients. The example of courage, fortitude, and high sense of duty which he thus afforded his men, who had worked incessantly for five days, served to inspire and give them new energy for their tasks. He also continued to be of the greatest assistance in treating the many wounded men who came into or were brought back to the dressing station. This in the region of BLANC MONT, on October 7, 1918.

Private, First Class, EARL C. PAYNE, Medical Detachment, 9th Infantry:

Demonstrated extraordinary courage and devotion to duty by constantly attending the wounded under both machine gun and artillery fire. He continued his tasks incessantly until mortally wounded, while attempting to treat a wounded comrade under direct observation of an enemy machine gunner. This near BLANC MONT, October 7, 1918.

Private, First Class, CURTIS E. BEX, Medical Detachment, 9th Infantry:

On October 3, 1918, in the region of BLANC MONT, advancing with his company in the first wave of assault, and remaining constantly with it during the succeeding days of battle, repeatedly gave example of bravery and devotion to duty. Although exposed almost constantly to violet artillery and machine gun fire, Private Bex never hesitated to perform his duties in the face of greatest danger.

Private JAMES G. RUDOLPH, Medical Detachment, 9th Infantry:

Was conspicuous for bravery and alertness in caring for wounded while in the front line with his company. He not only rushed to the aid of men wounded in his own company, but sought and cared for men of other companies. He was constantly in the front wave throughout the engagement and performed more than his duty under intense artillery and machine gun fire. This near BLANC MONT RIDGE, October 3, 1918.

Private ROY H. STEININGER, Medical Detachment, 9th Infantry:

Displayed rare courage, disregard of personal danger and devotion to duty near MEDEAH FERME, October 4, 1918. When his company made an advance parallel to a line of hostile machine guns a number of the men were wounded. He made repeated trips out into the open, under machine gun fire, and brought in all the wounded men he could find, applying first aid and evacuating them at the first opportunity. He then

went forward under a withering fire and rejoined his company.

Private RUSSELL A. WYLDE, Medical Detachment, 9th Infantry:

Showed extraordinary coolness and courage when the aid station was struck by a shell which killed several of the men and wounded many. Private Wylde administered to all the wounded before stopping to treat his own injuries. This in the vicinity of BLANC MONT, on October 3, 1918.

Private JOHN P. O'ROURKE, Medical Detachment, 9th Infantry:

Displayed unusual valor and devotion to duty. He rendered invaluable aid to the wounded, working untiringly under heavy shell fire, and without regard for his personal safety. In an attempt to reach and administer first aid to some wounded men, who were in front of the company, he lost his life by the explosion of an enemy shell. This in the region of BLANC MONT, October 3–9, 1918.

Private VINSON V. WILLIAMS, Medical Detachment, 9th Infantry:

Displayed rare valor and devotion to duty during the ARGONNE BATTLE, November 1–10, 1918. Although suffering from illness he refused to be evacuated and remained on duty, dressing and assisting in the evacuation of the wounded. Time after time, he exposed himself to violent artillery and machine gun fire to answer the call of some comrade for help.

Private NEIL ROYAL, Medical Detachment, 9th Infantry:

Displayed exceptional courage and devotion to duty by going and applying first aid to wounded on a hill so swept by machine gun fire that they could not be removed. By his devotion to duty he thus exposed himself when he could have, without danger of censure, remained in a place of comparative safety until the fire abated or the wounded could be brought to him. This at LA TUILERIE FERME, November 4, 1918.

Private E. W. SEASTRAND, Medical Detachment, 9th Infantry:

Displayed great courage and devotion to duty at all times. He unhesitatingly went to the aid of every man as soon as wounded. Several times he walked in machine gun swept fields to give the wounded immediate attention, thus saving lives. The entire company praised his splendid work. This in the vicinity of MEDEAH FERME.

Private MATT E. PUSKA, Medical Detachment, 9th Infantry:

While acting as litter-bearer risked his life to render first aid to a soldier who had been wounded by machine gun fire near the destroyed bridge across the MEUSE. In spite of machine gun fire he succeeded in starting back with the wounded man. In doing this he was severely wounded but calling for other aid, he succeeded in getting his wounded comrade to the aid station, thus undoubtedly saving his life. This near MOUZON, November 8, 1918.

Private SAMUEL ROOKS, Medical Detachment, 9th Infantry:

Private WILLIAM R. JOHNSON, Medical Detachment, 9th Infantry:

Private JOSEPH L. BRADLEY, Medical Detachment, 9th Infantry:

Private JAMES L. DOWNES, Medical Detachment, 9th Infantry:

The above named men gave first aid to the wounded on numerous occasions on the firing line, risking their lives many times during the operations of this division from November 1–11, 1918. They accompanied infantry companies to which they were assigned and rendered immediate aid to the wounded, thereby saving many lives. They also directed the litter-bearers in evacuating the wounded.

Private BRONISLAW KACKREYCKI, Medical Detachment, 9th Infantry:

With several others, he volunteered to carry in wounded of other companies from the front of advanced positions while a counter attack was developing. They carried this work on under violent machine gun fire. This near JAULNY, September 12, 1918.

Private DAVID L. PERSELL, Medical Detachment, 9th Infantry:

On November 1–11, 1918, during the ARGONNE-MEUSE battle, he continually showed in the performance of his duty an utter disregard of personal safety which elicited the highest praise of those about him

and acted as an inspiration to the fighting men of his company. The wounded were certain of immediate attention no matter how fierce the enemy fire might be.

Private GILBERT J. GOODELL, Medical Department, 9th Infantry:

Gave evidence of bravery of the first order in caring for the wounded under most trying circumstances. Though often confronted with enemy machine gun and artillery fire he never for the sake of personal safety hesitated in the full performance of his duty. This during the ARGONNE-MEUSE advance, November 1–11, 1918.

First Lieutenant JENNINGS S. LINCOLN, Medical Corps, 23rd Infantry:

Displayed marked heroism and disregard for personal danger by caring for the wounded in the most advanced positions throughout the fighting near ST. ÉTIENNE-AUX-ARNES, France, October 3–9, 1918.

First Lieutenant WILLIAM G. HARRINGTON, Medical Corps, 23rd Infantry:

Displayed rare courage and devotion to duty in his work of attending wounded under a terrific enemy barrage until he was killed by an enemy shell. This near CHÂTEAU-THIERRY, France, June 6, 1918.

First Lieutenant OWEN P. GILLICK, Dental Corps, 23rd Infantry:

Attached to Third Battalion, 23rd Infantry, accompanied the battalion in all attacks and under heavy machine gun and artillery fire operated in conjunction with the battalion surgeons an aid station on the front

lines. Through his personal efforts many wounded were promptly given first aid and evacuated. This during the advance from CÔTÉ DE CHATILLON to L'ETANNE.

First Lieutenant WARREN Z. DELL, Medical Corps, 23rd Infantry:

Operated first aid stations in conjunction with battalion surgeon, Third Battalion, on the front lines, and regardless of available shelter, followed the battalion in all of the advances under heavy artillery and machine gun fire. Regardless of all personal risks, he continued night and day to give immediate first aid to the wounded and many were comfortably cared for and evacuated through his untiring and heroic efforts. This during the advance from CÔTÉ DE CHATILLON to L'ETANNE.

Private, First Class, PATRICK CANAVAN, Medical Detachment, 23rd Infantry:

While men were being killed and wounded by the score under the most severe shell and machine gun fire, Private Canavan gave to each and every man his most careful attention and dressed their wounds, ignoring every danger where duty led him. Private Canavan was wounded severely twice before he would leave his post and in spite of the fact that he had to put a tourniquet on his shattered arm to keep from bleeding to death, he refused the help of stretcher bearers and walked alone two kilometers to the ambulance station. This during the offensive operations of October 3–9, 1918, in the vicinity of ST. ÉTIENNE, France.

Private, First Class, AUGUST W. RALSTON, Medical Detachment, 23rd Infantry:

Private THOMAS RAYNOR, Medical Detachment, 23rd Infantry:

Private WILLIAM H. RONAN, Medical Detachment, 23rd Infantry:

Private JESSE T. FEARS, Medical Detachment, 23rd Infantry:

Private ARTHUR C. ROCKAMAS, Medical Detachment, 23rd Infantry:

Private STERLING W. GREENMAN, Medical Detachment, 23rd Infantry:

These six men behaved with conspicuous gallantry in the operations near ST. ETIENNE-AUX-ARNES, France, October 3–9, 1918. Day and night they devoted themselves to the wounded, working on open fields that were constantly swept by deadly machine gun and artillery fire. Privates Ralston and Ronan were killed and Private Fears was wounded.

First Lieutenant ELAM F. SRYGLEY, M. C., 4th Machine Gun Battalion:

On October 8, 1918, Lieutenant Srygley left the shelter of his dressing station and displayed great coolness and rendered invaluable aid to a platoon of Co. A, 4th Machine Gun Battalion, which was heavily gassed and under the most intense artillery and machine gun fire. Again on October 9, 1918, Lieutenant Srygley left the shelter of his dressing station and regardless of his personal safety, voluntarily went to the assistance of the wounded of the 141st Infantry

who were without medical aid. This at MEDEAH FERME, on the 8th and 9th of October, 1918.

Passed Assistant Surgeon ORLANDO H. PETTY, U. S. N., 5th Marines:

Under heavy shell fire of both high explosive and gas shells, Surgeon Petty attended to and evacuated all of the wounded with extraordinary valor. Being knocked to the ground by an exploding gas shell, and tearing his mask, he discarded the mask and continued his work in the most courageous manner. When his dressing station was hit and demolished, he personally helped carry a severely wounded officer through the shell fire to a place of safety. This at the BOIS DE BELLEAU, June 11, 1918.

Passed Assistant Surgeon ROBERT J. LAWLER, M. C., U. S. N., 5th Marines:

September 12–17, during the ST. MIHIEL offensive, showed extraordinary heroism in establishing and maintaining two advanced aid stations, in connection with the advancing battalions. At an early hour on September 15th under heavy enemy barrage preparatory to counter attack he established his advanced battalion aid station near JAULNY and continued to dress wounded and supervise their evacuation without thought of personal danger remaining at this exposed point until relieved thirty-six hours later thereby exhibiting exceptional valor.

Passed Assistant Surgeon LESTER L. PRATT, U. S. N., 5th Marines:

While under severe shell fire of high explosives and gas, Surgeon Pratt attended to and evacuated the

wounded under the most harassing circumstances. His aid post was completely destroyed, his dugout wrecked, and surgical dressings destroyed and the air laden with gas fumes, which nearly blinded him. Although wounded under the left eye, he refused to leave his post until all the wounded had been safely evacuated. This at the BOIS DE BELLEAU, June 11, 1918.

Assistant Surgeon MALCOM L. PRATT, U. S. N., 5th Marines:

June 11th, 1918. BELLEAU WOOD. Voluntarily offered to reëstablish an advanced aid station just demolished by shell fire in LUCY-LE-BOCAGE where medical assistance was imperatively needed. This he successfully accomplished under heavy and continuous shell fire without regard to personal danger, which resulted in saving many lives.

Lieutenant RUSTIN MACINTOSH, M. C., attached to 5th Marines:

June 13, 1918, at LUCY-LE-BOCAGE, after a high explosive gas shell hit the dressing station, Lieutenant MacIntosh, although seriously ill from gas, with extraordinary heroism continued to treat the wounded until the situation was relieved.

Private CARL H. STENNSON, 4605523, Company E., 5th Marines:

Displayed great heroism and utter disregard of personal danger near BLANC MONT, on October 3, 1918. In attempting to rescue his assistant stretcher bearer who lay wounded on an exposed road swept by machine gun fire. Private STENNSON was killed while gallantly attempting to reach his fallen comrade.

Private LESTER E. SEITZ, 4606613, Company F, 5th Marines:

Displayed great bravery and devotion to duty in the operations near BLANC MONT, October 3–4–5, 1918. Although wounded in the leg during the first day's fight he continued in the discharge of his duties as a stretcher bearer, under heavy artillery and machine gun fire for two days and nights, refusing to be evacuated until ordered to the rear by his company commander.

Surgeon JOEL T. BOONE, 6th Marines:

In the action against the enemy near THIAUCOURT, France, on September 12–15, 1918, went to the front line and personally located and placed in operation the battalion dressing stations. All during this operation the ground which he covered was being subjected to a heavy shell and machine gun fire. This action on his part pertaining to his office was voluntarily performed and at great risk to his life. The stations were skillfully located and his efforts not only facilitated the dressing of wounds but also the evacuation of the wounded.

Surgeon RICHARD DERBY, Headquarters, 2d Division:

In the action against the enemy near THIAUCOURT, France, on September 12–15, 1918, voluntarily went to the front line when Surgeon Boone was engaged and assisted materially in the location of the dressing stations and moved his ambulances to those stations through continuous bombardment by artillery and fire of machine guns and helped personally toward the evacuation of the wounded. This action on his part was purely voluntary and while on his way to the front

and during the time he remained there and on his return he constantly risked his life under heavy fire.

Assistant Surgeon GORDON GRIMLAND, U. S. N., Attached to 6th Marines:

In the action against the enemy near THIAUCOURT, France, on September 15, 1918, displayed extraordinary heroism by establishing a dressing station in a culvert which later was subjected to direct high explosive fire. He remained at this station caring for the wounded and directing their evacuation to a place of safety during heavy concentrated bombardment and through his personal efforts saved many lives which otherwise would have been lost.

Pharmacist's Mate, First Class, JOHN H. BALCH, U. S. N., 6th Marines:

Displayed extraordinary heroism and exceptional bravery in action on October 5, 1918, near ST. ÉTIENNE-ARNES, France.

Pharmacist's Mate, First Class, RAYMOND KAGA, Attached to 6th Marines, 95th Company:

In action against the enemy near THIAUCOURT, France, on September 15, 1918, disregarding all personal danger was indefatigable in rendering assistance to the wounded under heavy constant shell fire. His calm courage and energetic attention to duty was an inspiration to the entire command.

Pharmacist's Mate, Third Class, LEONARD BARKER, Attached to the 95th Company, 6th Marines:

In the action against the enemy near THIAUCOURT, France, on September 15, 1918, constantly under

heavy shell fire disregarding all personal danger and was indefatigable in rendering assistance to the wounded. His calm courage and energetic attention to duty was an inspiration to the entire command.

Pharmacist's Mate, Third Class, RAYMOR R. BROWN, 84th Company, 6th Marines:

Continually exposed himself to the fire of the enemy machine guns, snipers, and Austrian 88's in order to render first aid and evacuated the wounded in a system of shallow trenches east of ST. ÉTIENNE, on October 8th. He continued in this performance of his duty until killed in action.

Pharmacist's Mate, Third Class, NATHANIEL H. LUFKIN, U. S. N., 6th Marines:

Hospital Apprentice, First Class, EUNIS C. STATON, U. S. N., 6th Marines:

Without regard for their own safety, these men worked untiringly in rendering first aid to the wounded, under extremely heavy shell fire, exposing themselves to fire on the battlefield to carry wounded men on stretchers to a place of safety.

Chief Pharmacist's Mate PERCY V. TEMPLETON, U. S. N., 6th Marines:

Chief Pharmacist's Mate GEORGE C. STROTT, U. S. N., 6th Marines:

Pharmacist's Mate, First Class, THOMAS R. SMITH, U. S. N., 6th Marines:

During the operations near BLANC MONT, October 3rd to 10th these men distinguished themselves, being unmindful of personal danger, their only thought being

for the wounded men on the field of battle. They labored untiringly, rendering first aid to the wounded and carrying them to a place of safety on stretchers.

Pharmacist's Mate, First Class, JOHN H. BALCH, U. S. N., 6th Marines:

Displayed extraordinary heroism and bravery at SOMME-PY, on October 5, 1918, in using the best of judgment in establishing an advance aid station during most intense shell fire, thereby enabling him and his fellow corpsmen to take better care of the wounded and saving many of their lives.

Pharmacist's Mate, Second Class, WILLIAM J. BRACKEN, U. S. N., 6th Marines:

During a heavy gas shell bombardment on October 4th, near SOMME-PY, bravely continued dressing all wounded brought to the battalion aid station. On the evening of the same day during heavy bombardment several members of a support battalion were severely wounded. Again unmindful of personal danger he unhesitatingly went to the scene, administered first aid and carried wounded back on stretchers. His actions were highly commended by several officers who witnessed his deeds.

Pharmacist's Mate, Second Class, SPENCER J. LEWIS, U. S. N., 6th Marines:

During the heavy gas shell bombardment on October 4, 1918, continued dressing wounded brought to the battalion aid station, unmindful of personal danger. When several men were wounded during heavy bombardment he went on to the field and administered first aid and carried the wounded back on stretchers.

Pharmacist's Mate, Third Class, FRED E. WYSE, U. S. N., 6th Marines:

Went into a barrage and rescued four helplessly wounded men and brought them to a place of safety. Throughout the entire action from October 3d to October 10th he disregarded personal danger and with untiring efforts worked and cared for the wounded. At all times his thoughts were for the wounded only.

Pharmacist's Mate, Second Class, LESLIE R. TAYLOR, 84th Company, 6th Marines:

Displayed extraordinary coolness and devotion to duty while under heavy shell fire. Coöperated in organizing and maintaining a first aid station for over sixteen hours with only German prisoners as subordinates. He continued this work for almost thirty hours without food or rest until the arrival of a unit of the medical department.

Pharmacist's Mate, Third Class, FRANK L. FITZSIMMONS, 83rd Company, 6th Marines:

On November 2, 1918, after his overcoat and respirator had been torn from him by shell fragments he continued the advance and time and again exposed himself on the field of battle while dressing wounded. He was exceptionally courageous and efficient in this work and thereby saved many lives.

Hospital Apprentice JAMES H. GRANTHAM, 95th Company, 6th Marines:

With unwavering courage and utter disregard of all personal danger this man dressed and attended

wounded in the face of constant and terrific machine gun and shell fire until he himself was killed while in the act of bandaging a wounded comrade. This in the ARGONNE FOREST, November 11, 1918.

Hospital Apprentice THOMAS BROWNFIELD, U. S. N., attached to 95th Company, 6th Marines:

The prompt and efficient work was an inspiration to the men. He was equally as anxious to assist the wounded of other commands when the opportunity presented itself paying no regard to his own personal safety when his assistance was needed by his wounded comrades. This near ST. ĒTIENNE, France, from October 2 to October 10, 1918.

Pharmacist's Mate, Third Class, JOHN RUSSELL LITCHFIELD, U. S. N., attached to the 74th Company, 6th Marines:

In the action against the enemy near THIAUCOURT, France, on September 15, 1918, showed exceptional bravery in rendering first aid to the wounded under heavy shell fire and met his death while attempting to get a wounded man out of a trench to the rear.

Hospital Apprentice, First Class, B. W. HERMAN, U. S. N., attached to the 76th Company, 6th Marines:

In the action against the enemy near THIAUCOURT, France, on September 15, 1918, was conspicuous for his coolness and the valuable services which he performed under heavy artillery fire, evacuating wounded men at the risk of his life during heavy bombardments. His work has always been meritorious.

Pharmacist's Mate, Third Class, RONALD ROBERTSON BROGDEN, U. S. N., attached to the 6th Marines:

On October 2, 1918, he volunteered to accompany a raiding patrol into the enemy's trenches. On October 3d, from 6:30 A. M. to 11:30 A. M., during the attack at BLANC MONT after all his fellow hospital corps men were casualties, he continued to dress wounded men right in the front line under heavy machine gun and artillery fire.

Hospital Apprentice, Second Class, HAL E. MARTIN, U. S. N., First Battalion, 6th Marines:

At BLANC MONT on October 5, 1918, he rushed into a barrage and rescued a wounded man who had been dropped there when the stretcher bearers were wounded. During the entire action from October 3d to 10th, this soldier was at all times ready to dash out and care for the wounded. After the operations it was necessary to evacuate him with a high fever. His untiring efforts and personal bravery saved many lives and was an inspiration to the men.

Hospital Apprentice, First Class, MORTON LEE BENNETT, U. S. N., attached to the 3d Battalion, 6th Marines:

In the action against the enemy near THIAUCOURT, France, on September 15, 1918, left his regular station under intense shell fire not caring for his own safety to attend his severely wounded comrades, thereby saving many of their lives.

Pharmacist's Mate, Third Class, WILLIAM W. WAYNE, U. S. N., attached to 96th Company, 6th Marines:

In the action against the enemy near THIAUCOURT, France, on September 15, 1918, did gallant work in caring for many wounded and giving first aid under heavy fire. He was constantly exposed to heavy shell fire and machine gun barrages but his courage never wavered and he continued his work without faltering.

Pharmacist's Mate, Second Class, DUNCAN C. BUTLER, U. S. N., attached to 96th Company, 6th Marines:

In the action against the enemy near THIAUCOURT, France, on September 15, 1918, did gallant work in giving help and first aid to many wounded, fearlessly exposing himself to heavy machine gun and shell fire.

Pharmacist's Mate, Third Class, EDWIN P. GROH, U. S. N., attached to 80th Company, 6th Marines:

In the action against the enemy near THIAUCOURT, France, September 15th, displayed remarkable devotion to duty giving first aid to the wounded in face of machine gun fire. Only after being wounded himself did he finally leave the exposed area and then to assist a man seriously wounded.

Hospital Apprentice, First Class, JAMES EUGENE MANNING, U. S. N., attached to the 1st Battalion 6th Marines:

In the action against the enemy near THIAUCOURT, France, on September 15, 1918, while attending to a wounded man the dressing station was hit with a shell and the patient was wounded in two more places.

Showing great devotion, dressed the new wounds and while doing so was struck in the back and knocked down by the explosion of another shell, striking the aid station. He refused to leave his post until he had finished dressing the wounded man and had removed him from the aid station, which was completely gutted a minute later by another shell. During the entire action Hospital Apprentice MANNING was conspicuous for his courage and promptness in the care of the wounded.

Pharmacist's Mate, Third Class, ALVIN W. PILKERTON, U. S. N., attached to the 1st Battalion, 6th Marines:

In the action against the enemy near THIAUCOURT, France, on September 15, 1918, was dressing a patient under terrific shell fire and was wounded severely in two places. He refused to be dressed himself until he had taken care of his patients. His wounds necessitated his evacuation. Throughout the entire action his thoughts and actions were for the wounded at all times.

Pharmacist's Mate, First Class, OSCAR W. GOODWIN, U. S. N., attached to Regimental Headquarters, 6th Marines:

In the action against the enemy near THIAUCOURT, France, on September 15, 1918, worked just behind the front line in the open field without shelter or protection under heavy and continuous fire from machine, aerial and large calibre guns, administering to many wounded comrades and never once hesitated, even when enemy fire was most deadly, to respond at

great personal danger to all cases in his sector. He has distinguished himself in every engagement in which his regiment has participated and has been repeatedly recommended for gallantry.

Pharmacist's Mate, Second Class, USHER L. FIFER, U. S. N., 6th Marines:

Hospital Apprentice, First Class, CLYDE A. KINKLE, U. S. N., 6th Marines:

Displayed untiring energy and rare judgment and bravery in attending to wounded men on an advance of the line during the action near ST. ÉTIENNE. They worked continually for two days and nights without rest or food, refusing to leave the line.

Sergeant JAMES A. CLAFLIN, Medical Detachment, 5th Machine Gun Battalion:

Displayed great courage and gallantry in caring for the wounded on the field. In an area swept by the direct fire of two German batteries of 77's, he devoted all his energy to giving first aid to the wounded and superintending their removal to a place of safety. He showed an utter disregard of his own personal safety and thus afforded a splendid example to all who saw him. This near THIAUCOURT, September 13, 1918.

Private EVERETT E. HOVATTER, Medical Detachment, 5th Machine Gun Battalion:

When the enemy artillery barrage dropped upon the infantry to which he was attached necessitating an alteration of its position, Pvt. Hovatter remained alone to render first aid and to provide for the evacuation of those who had fallen. In thus remaining in

a heavily and constantly shelled area, without assistance, he showed great courage, and an utter disregard for danger, which together with a conscientious devotion to duty rendered his services of the greatest value. This at MEDEAH FERME, October 4, 1918.

Private STANLEY VERCOE, Medical Detachment, 5th Machine Gun Battalion:

Displayed great courage and gallantry in caring for the wounded on the field. In a territory swept by direct enemy artillery fire, he devoted all his energy to giving first aid to the wounded and in carrying them to a place of safety. He showed an utter disregard of his own personal safety, and thus afforded a splendid example to all who saw him. This near THIAUCOURT, September 13, 1918.

Assistant Surgeon TRAVIS S. MORING, 6th Machine Gun Battalion:

This officer worked tirelessly in a first aid station near the front lines without fear. Not only was he constantly exposed to heavy shell fire and the bombing of low-flying enemy aeroplanes, but was without food and sleep until he reached a point of utter exhaustion. He underwent all the dangers to which line officers are subjected and in addition to this his work was carried on under the most trying conditions. This in the CHAMPAGNE sector October 2 to 11, 1918.

Chief Pharmacist's Mate ROBERT S. COCHRANE, U. S. N., 6th Machine Gun Battalion:

Afforded an example of courage and devotion to duty in caring for the wounded in an area swept by machine gun and continuous shell fire for a period of

forty-eight hours. He never hesitated to expose himself whenever and wherever his assistance was needed. This near ST. ÉTIENNE, October 3–4, 1918.

Pharmacist's Mate, Third Class, CHARLES W. BATEMEN, U. S. N., 6th Machine Gun Battalion:

Rendered first aid to the wounded under heavy artillery and machine gun fire without regard for his own personal safety. Repeatedly gave first aid in heavily shelled areas when no other help could be given the wounded, and at one time ran through an intense barrage fire to obtain and guide stretcher bearers. This near THIAUCOURT, September 15, 1918.

Chief Pharmacist's Mate BERNICE B. STAMPS, U. S. N., 6th Machine Gun Battalion:

Displayed great courage, fearlessness and devotion to duty, near JAULNY, September 13–14–15, 1918, in caring for the wounded with practically no rest or food. During a particularly heavy shelling and when a counter attack was expected the Medical Detachment was ordered to the rear. He volunteered to remain and take care of the wounded, until they could be evacuated. This he did, exposing himself to great danger.

Pharmacist's Mate, Third Class, GEORGE DOUGLAS WITT, 303797, 6th Machine Gun Battalion:

Displayed remarkable bravery and coolness in giving medical aid to the wounded while going forward with the assault wave during the attack north of BLANC MONT RIDGE and near ST. ÉTIENNE. Later in the afternoon on the same date while giving first aid to a wounded marine in an advanced machine gun

post, he was seriously wounded by an enemy sniper. This near BLANC MONT, October 6, 1918.

Pharmacist's Mate, Third Class, FRANK R. YATES, 303798, 6th Machine Gun Battalion:

Displayed great courage and fearlessness near ST. ÉTIENNE, October 4, 1918, in attending the wounded under a heavy artillery and gas bombardment. Although his mask was torn from his face and rendered unserviceable by a shell fragment he remained at his post, until the wounded had all been dressed. Later, on the same day, during a heavy artillery and machine gun barrage after the canteen and cover had been cut from his belt by machine gun bullets he dressed the wounded, and organized two litter bearer crews to carry the wounded from the road to the dressing station.

Private CHARLES D. SPANGLER, Headquarters Company, 6th Marines:

Near THIAUCOURT, France, on September 15, 1918, Private Spangler showed extraordinary heroism in acting as runner for the regimental surgeon. He made frequent trips between Regimental Headquarters and various aid stations under heavy shell fire carrying important messages and though knocked down early in the day by a bursting shell, he continued to perform his duties fearlessly and with unusual coolness.

SANITARY TRAINS

Lieutenant Commander CORNELIUS H. MACK, U. S. N., attached to 2d Division:

At BOIS DE BELLEAU, in June, he remained at the Battalion Dressing Station, although severely gassed,

and continued to carry on the evacuation of the wounded. At SOISSONS, in July, he accompanied his battalion to the farthest limits of its advance, and for fifteen hours was exposed continuously to a terrific fire of machine guns and artillery, which inflicted casualties of slightly more than seventy per cent.

Passed Assistant Surgeon JOEL T. BOONE, U. S. N., attached to 2d Division:

Showed great coolness and excellent judgment, under heavy shell and machine gun fire, while visiting the various battalion stations of the 4th Brigade, and assisting in the evacuation of the wounded from the field itself.

First Lieutenant WILLIAM H. COCKERHAM, M. C.:

His fearlessness on October 3 to 6, 1918, in exposing himself to imminent danger keeping the first aid stations abundantly supplied and showed remarkable devotion and disregard to personal safety. His work saved the lives of many men (Ambulance Company No. 15.)

Sergeant JOHN CARLSON, Ambulance Company No. 1:

Volunteered and served as company litter bearer under heavy machine gun and shell fire, during the action near ST. ÉTIENNE, October 8, 1918.

Sergeant HERMAN ROSE, Field Hospital No. 1:

Showed exceptional meritorious services while being in charge of a dressing team, rendering valuable aid and assistance in keeping *triage* cleared of wounded,

under shell fire. In addition he provided ample and well-cooked nourishment for the patients, often prepared under very trying circumstances. This at SOMME-PY, France, near BLANC MONT, October 6th to 10th.

Wagoner HORACE M. GOINS:

Voluntarily drove his truck into a field which was being heavily shelled and rescued twelve (12) wounded men. This on July 19, 1918.

Private, First Class, RAY F. SMITH, Ambulance Company No. 15:

Wagoner JOHN J. DWYER, Ambulance Company No. 1:

Made repeated trips in their ambulance between THIAUCOURT and JAULNY, carrying wounded over roads which were being continually shelled, displaying great coolness and devotion to duty.

Private, First Class, ALFRED G. SELL, Ambulance Company No. 15:

Private WILLIAM P. WALTON, Ambulance Company No. 15:

Private HARRINGTON CLANAHAN, Ambulance Company No. 15:

Private HENRY H. OSHA, Ambulance Company No. 15:

Private, First Class, LAWRENCE J. HOWLING, Ambulance Company No. 15:

These men volunteered to go out from the dressing station under heavy fire to bring back a wounded man from the lines. Upon their return to the dressing sta-

tion, they found their company in the preparation of carrying out orders to evacuate immediately owing to an expected enemy counter attack. When volunteers were called for to remain with the patients in the dressing station these men were among the first to respond and remained at their post during an unusually strong enemy counter attack.

Sergeant, First Class, WARREN S. GAMMEL, S. S. U., 606:

Sergeant, First Class, CRAMELL E. HUNTON, S. S. U., 606:

Private, First Class, GLENN S. DONALDSON, S. S. U., 606:

These three men, attached to 2d Division during operations northwest of SOMME-PY, in October, were killed by enemy shell fire while bravely and courageously aiding the wounded.

Corporal JOHN D. GRAHAM, S. S. U., 554:

Private, First Class, JOHN D. MOORE, S. S. U., 554:

Private, First Class, RICHARD L. TOWNSEND, S. S. U., 554:

Private ROY H. GOODING, S. S. U., 554:

Distinguished themselves in action while attached to 2d Division, north of SOMME-PY, October 2d to 9th, by continually going forth under shell and machine gun fire to aid wounded, driving ambulances after the regular assigned drivers had become too exhausted to continue, and in every way contributing to the success of the operations, without thought of personal safety or rest.

Private, First Class, JOHN M. BLYNN, S. S. U., 554:
While attached to 2d Division in action north of SOMME-PY, he drove ambulance to advance dressing stations when roads were being constantly shelled, to assure the immediate evacuation of wounded from these posts. His car was destroyed by shell fire, but he obtained and drove another car loaded with wounded back to a place of safety. He worked night and day throughout the entire operation.

First Lieutenant CHARLES T. MAXWELL, M. R. C., 12th Field Artillery:
Without regard for personal safety, he organized and operated a battalion dressing station, making repeated visits to the batteries throughout a heavy artillery bombardment, administering first aid and evacuating the wounded.

Private, First Class, JOHN B. STROTHERS, Medical Detachment, 12th Field Artillery:
On July 21st at TIGNY, he voluntarily left his shelter to attend to wounded, when a shell struck a team of another battery going into position, and he undoubtedly saved the life of Chief Mechanic Sherman, whose leg was blown off, by rendering first aid to him.

Captain CARL W. SHAFFER, Medical Corps, 15th Field Artillery:

First Lieutenant ELMER HESS, Medical Corps, 15th Field Artillery:

Private RAYMOND S. WAY, 1639282, Headquarters Company, 15th Field Artillery:
Continually exposed themselves, without regard for personal safety, to enemy shell fire to go to the aid of

wounded, rendering first aid, and saving the lives of many who were seriously wounded.

Captain WM. A. SAMPSON, M. R. C., 17th Field Artillery:

Captain W. W. HUBBARD, M. R. C., 17th Field Artillery:

Corporal AUGUST B. FINKE, Battery B, 17th Field Artillery:

Rendered first aid to wounded men under heavy shell fire without regard to their own personal safety and undoubtedly saved the lives of many by going to battery positions to render first aid.

First Lieutenant CARROLL P. PRICE, Medical Corps, 17th Field Artillery:

On the night of October 9, 1918, near SOMME-PY, he showed great courage and coolness while attending to eight wounded men while he himself was subjected to heavy enemy shell fire.

First Lieutenant F. H. HERRMANN, Medical Corps, 2d Engineers:

After extricating himself from the débris of his dressing station, which had received a direct hit, he fearlessly exposed himself to the continued heavy shell fire, dug out another medical officer and refused to take shelter in a nearby dugout until he had assured himself that all other occupants had been saved. This near MEDEAH FERME, October 9, 1918.

Private, First Class, WILLIAM C. WILSON, Medical Detachment, 2d Engineers:

Showed extraordinary heroism and great bravery while under heavy shell and machine gun fire. This during the CHAMPAGNE offensive.

Private LAYTON A. BOYD, Medical Detachment, 2d Engineers:

Continually exposed himself to fire from enemy snipers on October 9th near MEDEAH FERME, to care for wounded soldiers in front of our first lines. He gave first aid to his lieutenant, who was mortally wounded. Later he crawled forward to within fifty (50) yards of an enemy machine gun nest with four (4) other men and brought back a wounded comrade.

First Lieutenant PLACIDO R. V. HOMMEL, Medical Corps, 2d Ammunition Train:

This officer has rendered most loyal and distinguished service to men and officers of this command. His duties were such as to confine him to camp, but at all times, he looked after the health of all with the utmost efficiency. Not only did he care for members of this command, but gave his services wherever needed and performed valuable duties during recent campaigns.

First Lieutenant JOHN C. CURREY, Dental Corps, 2d Ammunition Train:

At all times paid the strictest attention to his duties, and has rendered valuable service to this organization in his professional capacity. During a recent campaign, upon the death of a line officer, Lieutenant Currey executed the duties of a line officer with efficiency.

Sergeant GEORGE BAMBERGER, Medical Detachment, 2d Military Police Company:

On October 29th, while camped in a valley south of CHARPENTRY, the surrounding area was shelled by the enemy. Sergeant Bamberger, unmindful of personal danger, rushed from his shelter to render first aid to wounded Americans and French in the open, amid a rain of artillery fire.

Lieutenant Commander ROBERT J. LAWLER, M. C., U. S. N.:

In the operations at ST. MIHIEL and east of RHEIMS, this officer displayed zeal and devotion to duty of the highest order. At great personal risk, he repeatedly visited all battalion aid stations, supervised and assisted in the work of evacuation of the wounded, maintained the necessary supply service and kept the regimental commander fully informed of the situation pertaining to the sanitary service. His duties were exceptionally well performed and with absolute disregard of personal safety. On October 4, 1918, at BLANC MONT one officer and several men having been struck by shell fragments, Lieutenant Commander Lawler immediately left the dugout, under severe shell fire and personally directed the carrying of the wounded to a place of safety.

Pharmacist's Mate, THOMAS N. RUSSELL, U. S. N.:

Although wounded exposed himself to heavy machine gun and shell fire to dress the wounds of five comrades and assisted in evacuating them. Also protested against leaving wounded members of his company until after the arrival of another man to replace him.

Pharmacist's Mate, Second Class, ERNEST B. BALL, U. S. N., 59335:

Showed exceptional bravery and devotion to duty by dressing wounded men under a continuous machine gun barrage. This on the night of November 10, 1918, in the ARGONNE operation, on the east bank of the MEUSE river.

Pharmacist's Mate, Second Class, ALVIN L. BOWMAN, U. S. N.:

During the evening of November 3d, this soldier, under an intense artillery barrage, was exceptionally conspicuous for his bravery and coolness in dressing the wounded and carrying them to a place of comparative safety. On the night of November 10th, under a heavy artillery bombardment and withering machine gun fire, he exposed himself recklessly without thought of personal danger while dressing the wounded and giving relief to the dying. Unaided he carried three men across the MEUSE river that they might be carried on stretchers to the first aid station. This in the ARGONNE-MEUSE operations.

Pharmacist's Mate, Second Class, ERNEST B. BALL, U. S. N., 59335:

Displayed conspicuous bravery by dressing and carrying wounded men under the heaviest machine gun and artillery fire. He continually exposed himself in this duty while the unit he was working with was in a trench. This in the BLANC MONT RIDGE operations, October 3, 1918.

Pharmacist's Mate, Second Class, LEROY N. McKINNEY, U. S. N.:

October 4, 1918, CHAMPAGNE Sector, displayed extraordinary heroism in administering medical aid to members of his company. During the action he was obliged to care for the company's wounded alone and was directly responsible for the saving of several lives through his cool work and untiring devotion to the crying demands under terrific shell fire.

Pharmacist's Mate, Second Class, F. C. TIBBETS, U. S. N.:

June 11th–14th, LUCY LE BOCAGE, showed extraordinary heroism and ability when a high explosive shell burst in the room used as a dressing station. He after assisted in carrying out the wounded under heavy shell fire, went back into the burning building contrary to orders, and helped to bring out all the bandages, etc., which were later so badly needed for the wounded.

Pharmacist's Mate, Third Class, GEORGE I. PETERSON, 303740, U. S. N.:

Showed extreme bravery and utter disregard for personal safety in the care of the wounded. During the night of October 4, 1918, he was obliged to care for the company's wounded alone, and was directly responsible for the saving of several lives through his cool work and untiring devotion to duty. This under terrific shell fire and in the region of BLANC MONT.

Hospital Apprentice, First Class, EUGENE H. TENLEY, U. S. N.:

Displayed great bravery, fearlessness, and utter disregard of personal danger, during the engagement near ST. ÉTIENNE, October 4, 1918. He voluntarily accompanied a small force into an open attack against an enemy who outnumbered the attacking force ten to one, and rendered valuable medical assistance, until he was killed by a shell fragment.

P. A. Surgeon DWIGHT DICKINSON, JR., U. S. N.:

Pharmacist's Mate, Second Class, THOMAS N. RUSSELL, U. S. N.:

During the advance at BLANC MONT RIDGE, under terrific shell fire and a very intense machine gun fire, worked with utter disregard of personal safety and danger. Their unceasing efforts were undoubtedly the cause of saving many lives, although in constant danger of losing their own, which did not seem to concern them in the least. Their greatest desire was to see to the treatment of the wounded.

Chief Pharmacist's Mate FRANK TOUSIC, U. S. N.:

Pharmacist's Mate, First Class, WILLIAM V. NOLTE, 303787, U. S. N.:

Pharmacist's Mate, First Class, ROLAND R. JAMISON, U. S. N.:

Pharmacist's Mate, First Class, JOHN RAUME, U. S. N.:

Pharmacist's Mate, First Class, FRANCIS M. BIRD, U. S. N.:

Pharmacist's Mate, Second Class, BENJAMIN F. ROGERS, U. S. N.:

Pharmacist's Mate, Second Class, EUGENE B. REED, U. S. N.:

Pharmacist's Mate, Second Class, RAY A. MESSANELLI, U. S. N.:

Pharmacist's Mate, Third Class, GEORGE W. BAILEY, U. S. N.:

Hospital Apprentice, First Class, ABSALOM F. BAER, U. S. N.:

Sergeant HARRY I. BAKER, 271827, U. S. M. C.:

Private MICHAEL J. HARDIMAN, 117049, U. S. M. C.:

Private LEROY C. CHRISTENSEN, 29005, U. S. M. C.:

The above named men displayed extreme courage and ability in caring for and evacuating wounded under heavy shell and machine gun fire. They showed exceptional bravery and disregard for personal safety in going out under heavy shell and machine gun fire to carry wounded comrades to a safe place from which they might be evacuated. This near ST. ÉTIENNE, October 4, 1918.

P. A. Surgeon PRESTON ALEXANDER McLENDON, U. S. N.:

Assistant Surgeon FREDERICK R. HOOK, U. S. N.:

Pharmacist's Mate, Second Class, CHARLES S. JENNISON, U. S. N.:

The above named exhibited exceptional heroism and devotion to duty, by establishing advanced dress-

ing stations and maintaining them as close to the front as possible in order to better take care of the wounded. They were constantly exposed to heavy shell and machine gun fire, but showed an utter disregard for personal safety in rendering first aid to the wounded and seeing to their evacuation. Pharmacist's Mate Jennison was wounded, but refused to be evacuated and continued to take care of the wounded for forty-eight hours thereafter.

Pharmacist's Mate, Third Class, DONALD C. NORTON, U. S. N., attached to 6th Regiment, U. S. M. C. (deceased):

Pharmacist's Mate, Third Class, Norton on September 15, 1918, during the attack on THIAUCOURT, met his death through his devotion to duty and extraordinary heroism. Having established his first aid station within two hundred yards of the front line, he patrolled the field in the face of machine gun and rifle fire in search of wounded.

By command of Major General Lejeune:

Official:

HANFORD MACNIDER,
Major, Infantry,
Adjutant.

HU B. MYERS,
Colonel, General Staff,
Chief of Staff.

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